# THE LIVING AGE

## The World in Review

In This Number:


Mussolini Off Guard — *Emil Ludwig*

Dictator Turned Satirist . . . ?

March on Memel — *Henry Barde*

I'm No Sorcerer — *Hjalmar Schacht*

Arctic de Luxe — *Peter Freuchen*

Japan Expects . . . — *Itsuki Onishi*

Rising Tide of Treason — *Germany's Cellar Press*

The Queer Heart (A Story) — *Elizabeth Bowen*



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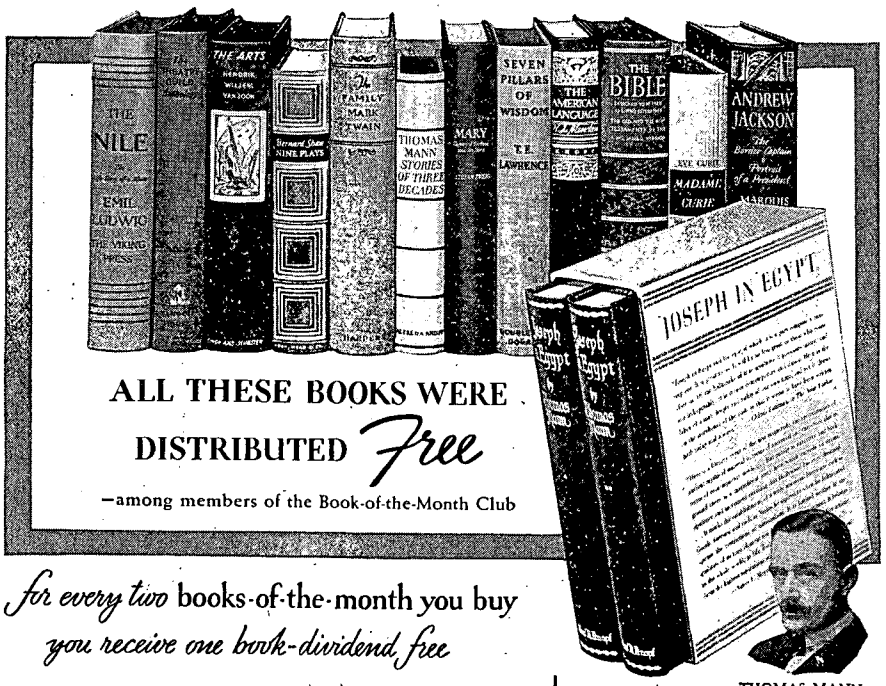


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# Letters To The Editor

—When I was a little girl, and for many years afterwards, my parents gave each other *Littell's Living Age* for a Christmas present. . . . They loved it as I love *The New Yorker*. My mother did not approve of little girls reading novels, but how I loved those stolen hours when I read those stories in *Littell's Living Age*. When I met the magazine this morning looking so young and fresh I appreciated the fact that women are not the only ones who resort to rouge, lip stick and face-lifting. Staid, literary *Littell's Living Age* has been to a beauty parlor.

—Nellie Webb, column in a Kansas paper

—I am fairly well acquainted with your magazine. I do feel that I should read it each month and I think I can do so if I have my own copy. My greatest interests are in foreign affairs. Once I become accustomed to having a personal copy of *The Living Age* I imagine I will not be satisfied without it.

—W. M.

Council Bluffs, Iowa

—This coming Saturday I shall meet a group of 20 high school teachers of political science. Being of the opinion that *The Living Age* is one of the most useful magazines in the country, I should like to give one copy to each of these teachers, hoping that they will use the magazine in their classes.

—F. W.

Montclair, New Jersey

—Just back from Europe . . . interesting to see how right your *Living Age* is. . . . I consider it our best periodical.

—S. V.

Washington, D. C.

—Thank you for the renewal. . . . It comes as a special blessing because I am planning a course of lectures on Story Telling to Sick Children. I am including a few lectures with drill on 'World Events,' and nothing can take the place of *The Living Age* for *that*. If we succeed in boosting some of these sorry introverts out of their sluggishness into interest in living and the world again, it will be a big debt to *Living Age*.

—H. E. H.

San Francisco, California

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# THE LIVING AGE

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# THE GUIDE POST

OUR section on 'Spotlight on Mussolini' is particularly timely. Emil Ludwig, who in 1932 wrote his famous book on Mussolini and has been criticized for it ever since, contributes a 'postscript' to his previous views, elucidating what he thinks of Il Duce today. [p. 500] In the same section we present a 'Dialogue on the Thames,' a savage satire on democracy, Il Duce's 'anonymous' contribution to *Il Popolo d'Italia*, where his articles are regularly featured. In it may be found a good measure of praise for Il Duce himself. [p. 504] 'Tunisia! Tunisia!' is a Frenchman's view of one of the regions that Italy claimed in the notorious session of the Italian Parliament on November 30. [p. 507]

IN 'Spain Is Weary,' K. S. Robson, a British correspondent with the Nationalist forces, writes a singularly lucid and impartial view of the Spanish conflict. [p. 511]

ELIZABETH BOWEN is one of the most distinguished modern British novelists. Her last book, *Death of the Heart*, which we reviewed in the November LIVING AGE, has found a wide audience in England. In *The Queer Heart* we make the acquaintance of another of her masterful psychological studies. [p. 517]

DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT, shelved after we went to press, is not quite so much in opposition to the present régime as is frequently assumed; at least, he again let himself be used as a respectable front for the Nazi's blackmailing attempt at exchanging German Jews for credit abroad. While negotiating on these terms in London, Schacht wrote an article for the *Sunday Chronicle* explaining how his 'New Plan' worked. [p. 524] Jean Rives, *Lumière's* exclusive French correspondent in Berlin, exposes the other side of the picture showing that Germany is attempting to solve her problems by maintaining a constant state of war-time preparedness. [p. 526]

ONE reason for the popularity of the Pioneer Health Center at Peckham in England, which Professor Joad describes in 'Experiment in Happiness' is the fact that it does not only increase the volume of human health but also that of human happiness. [p. 529]

TWO of Europe's trouble centers are discussed in the section entitled 'Hitler's New Horizon:' tiny Ruthenia—now called Carpatho-Ukraine—a cell from which a German-controlled autonomous Greater Ukraine may emerge [p. 539]; and Memel, another landmark in Germany's eastward march. [p. 541]

STEPHEN SPENDER, who wrote 'Deus ex Machina,' belongs to a group of British poets like W. H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood, John Lehmann and Herbert Read, who are trying to get away from poetic isolation. In the *New Verse*, of which Spender is one of the editors, he writes: 'The only justified retreat is the loneliness from which everything and everybody is more visible, the loneliness in the centre and not on the edge.' [p. 545]

SOME of Great Britain's and Japan's grievances against each other, such as Britain's friendship and active support of Chiang Kai-shek, the use of Hong Kong as an entrepôt, the imposing upon China of a blocked currency, the obstruction of British shipping on the Yangtze, etc., are discussed in our group 'Japan versus Britain' by H. G. W. Woodhead, a British authority on China and editor of *Oriental Affairs* [p. 549] and by Itsuki Onishi, prominent Japanese editor of the Tokyo *Asahi Shimbun*. [p. 552]

(*Continued on page 586*)

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# THE LIVING AGE

*Founded by* E. Littell

In 1844

*February, 1939* *Volume 355, Number 4469*


# The World Over

ONCE, IN THE MEMORY of those now living, the primary concern of a nation's leaders was, in theory if not in absolute fact, the protection and well-being of the people. There was a time, too, when office holders, from Presidents and Premiers on down, were 'servants of the people.' At any rate, that was the platform on which men—good, bad or indifferent—were elected to government office.

But now the men who form the government are, apparently, no longer concerned with the well-being of people as a whole. In their pursuit of a nebulous political ideology—that may, or may not, prove workable in some hazy future—the plight of the people is ignored. It is, in fact, worse than ignored. For—left to themselves—the minority-ridden masses could inevitably find some way out of the morass of a synthetic civilization—a civilization in which propaganda has become a substitute for thinking; racism a substitute for bread and regimentation a substitute for faith and loyalty to one's country. Instead, we have the dire result of Chamberlains, Hitlers and Mussolinis playing a macabre chess-game with huge blocks of mankind as unwilling pawns on the European checkerboard. And in Eurasia we find a puppet dictator offering to gamble the fate of millions in the struggle of ideologies in both the West and the East.


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The leaders of the 'democracies' thought nothing of placing the world in a panic and dread of war in their dealings with the dictators, creating a terror that now is discovered to have been largely unfounded. And the dictators, in turn, cared little whether they threw their people into the maws of war, so long as they achieved their own selfish points. The dictators, in the person of Hitler, won—but the people got nothing out of the victory and are, in fact, worse off than before, while their leader has the satisfaction of an enlarged ego. Chamberlain and Daladier, acting for the 'democracies,' cared less whether the people, whose 'servants' they were, suffered death or ignominy as long as they retained their 'personal honor.'

History may well have another phrase for it.

---

CHIANG KAI-SHEK is wiping out the Chinese people at an appalling rate, according to guarded reports and belated figures now being compiled by the Chinese press, and the question is being asked whether he is fighting Japan or his own country.

How many millions of people have died in the present Sino-Japanese conflict probably never will be known, but in the 18 months of fighting across China's good earth, extending 1,400 miles inland from the sea, even a casual computation of losses in lives and property is staggering. Ironically, according to the Chinese press, about four-fifths of the property damage and about nine-tenths of the human losses can be directly attributed to the Chinese armies themselves. Always known as being reckless with human life, the Chinese commanders, from Chiang Kai-shek down, are now declared to have deliberately destroyed whole civilian populations and entire cities and towns in their flight to the western hills.

As early as last April, before the undeclared war was a year old, official figures set the number of Chinese people left destitute and starving in Central China by their own armies, at a conservative 10,000,000. Subsequently, three-fourths of these people died. The release of the dikes on the Yangtze by retreating Chinese troops, in an effort to stem the Japanese, was reported to have drowned fewer than 2,000 Japanese while 750,000 Chinese peasants perished. The destruction of cities and towns, while presenting a high figure of loss, now proves to be insignificant compared to the destruction of crops to prevent them from falling into the hands of the invaders. But while this move inconvenienced the Japanese, who had hoped to live off the land, it only caused them to travel well provisioned. The actual damage was to the civilian population, which starved off in batches of 100,000 at a time. This policy, by which it is planned to leave nothing to the victors, is outlined in an

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article on the 'scorched earth policy' published in the *Hsin Hua Jih Pao*, Chinese Communist party organ published at Chungking, and which advocates demolishment of:—

1. Defense works and city walls in order to facilitate a Chinese counter-attack in a later stage of hostilities;
2. Principal highways and railways, thus inconveniencing the Japanese troop and supply transportation;
3. Barracks, public structures, factories, machinery, tramways, railway rolling stock, railway stations, telegraph, telephone and electric wires and poles;
4. Before the withdrawal, authorities must evacuate food supplies, cultural institutions, wounded soldiers and able-bodied men, the latter to be organized for transportation work or for guerrilla warfare.

By following out these tactics, the Chinese thus have waged a more bitter and disastrous war against their own people and country than they have against the invaders.

---

IN THE FEW SHORT MONTHS since the Czechs were abandoned by Britain and France, the little Central Europe democracy has sunk into political oblivion—barely more than a self-governing dominion of Germany. The new President, Dr. Emil Hacha, is a pale figurehead, with no important political record whatever before he was taken from his post as Chief Justice of the Administrative Court to succeed President Beneš. Even now his position is unimpressive, with only the Government's National Unity Party and the opposition National Labor Party allowed by law. No other new political parties can be formed and the Communist Party, whose activities were suspended in October, is to be legally dissolved.

'We are completely coördinated with the Reich,' one prominent member of the former Czech Social-Democrat Party told a correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* recently. 'Firms doing business with Germany are obliged to accept a clause in their contracts that if any member of the Czech firm is a Jew the contract is cancelled. Can you wonder that we are forced into anti-Semitism?'

Another sign of the times is that the *Prager Presse*, famous newspaper founded by the late President Masaryk and for twenty years chief organ of democratic opinion in Central Europe, was closed down on December 31. Economically, the country's situation is fundamentally sound, though difficulties are expected in the next year or so. In general, the opinion is that Germany's absorption of Slovakia—where the Hlinka Guard, the Slovak Storm Troops, are subsidized by Germany—and the control of the Czechs is but another step in Germany's march into Eastern Europe.

Meanwhile, post-mortems over the fate of Czecho-Slovakia (with

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Slovak autonomy, the country is hyphenated now) still are going on and there is an increasing bitterness building up against Dr. Beneš and his conduct of the Presidency which, despite the claims of a Czech 'democracy' is now claimed to have been a pseudo-dictatorship, during which he ruthlessly, though bloodlessly, purged his political opponents, hiding his acts behind a rigidly censored press.

---

A REACTION TO FASCISM and the Nazification of Italy is reported by diplomatic observers returning out of censor-ridden Rome of late. Nazis are reported over-running the country, with party organizations established in all large towns and secret police, technicians and advisers directing the armed services, banks, industries and commerce. Three Germans sit on Mussolini's important commission for the 'defense of the race.' Working and middle-class Italians dislike these agents of Hitler to an extreme, with the result that there is nervous tension in the country, complicated by a serious reaction to Fascism in all classes. Economically, the working people are getting poorer each day, while there is a serious flight of capital from the country despite strict regulations. The anti-Semitic campaign has reacted unfavorably against Il Duce, and his renewed war on Catholicism has further chilled the people. In the Tyrol, German propagandists report great success in winning the Tyroleans over to Germany; Hitler's photo has the place of honor in public buildings and the inhabitants freely talk in German of the day they will rejoin the Reich. The Ethiopian failure and the adventure in Spain have further alienated the Italians from Il Duce, according to secret reports in London.

---

THE RISE OF SOVIET RUSSIA as a naval power is now visioned with the announced intention of Moscow to construct 45,000-ton super-dreadnoughts for service in the Far East. Except for a base at Vladivostok, where a fleet of submarines and small boats is more of an irritant than a threat to Japan, the Soviet has been a negligible factor in sea Power. How definite is the Soviet's intention to build the big battleships, however, cannot be ascertained. That the ships are already in the 'paper stage' is known, but whether the Soviet can undertake the actual building is another matter. Primarily, this is a question of tremendous financing and, of almost equal importance, engineering and manning of the vessels; and recent purges have seriously depleted the Soviet navy of skilled personnel. In addition, it requires years to construct a dreadnought, and a fleet of them seems almost an impossibility when it is considered that the Soviet will virtually be starting from scratch. Directly responsible for the announcement of the Soviet naval program,

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of course, is the reported intention of Japan to build beyond the treaty limits. A giant Japanese fleet is always a threat to Vladivostok and the Siberian coastal waters.

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IN IRELAND A SERIOUS PROBLEM is fast developing that bodes no good for the British Government, and the situation is more serious now than at any time since 1919. The separatist sentiment is declared to be as rampant as ever, with poverty and lawlessness everywhere on the increase. According to the *National Review* of London,

> The extremists are planning a campaign of murder and intimidation against the loyal community of Ulster which they intend to be every whit as sanguinary and intensive as that previous welter of anarchial atrocity, referred to euphemistically as 'The Trouble. . . .' House to house collections under cover of darkness by 'hooded' emissaries of the Irish Republican Army are once more the order of the day. Threats, veiled and otherwise, are the commonplace of Republican propaganda. There is not a responsible citizen, whether from the North or South, who does not view the future with a misgiving so deep-rooted as to be akin to despair. It is too late now for retraction, too serious for recrimination. The ugly lesson of surrender, well learned by all but those who had most need of its instruction, is passing from the sphere of future consequence to that of immediate penalty. In Ireland, every bit as much as in Europe, the causes of liberty, decency and contractual obligation are calling for uncompromising support and, if need be, unflinching sacrifice. The Loyalists as ever are ready to do their part. Is it right, or even expedient, that they should be abandoned yet again? No greater blow was ever given to a loyal people than when the Union Jack was hauled down from the Southern Irish ports last April.

[For a more optimistic evalution of Ireland today, see Walter Starkie's article on page 556.]

---

THE CONFERENCE AT LIMA, despite glowing reports of American 'solidarity' against the Nazi and Fascist threats, was the foregone expectation of futility. The story of Pan-American conferences, dating from the first held in Washington in 1899, concerns one failure after another to get beyond the 'glad-handing' stage. The Latin American Republics have largely held the belief that the Monroe Doctrine was simply an expedient of the United States to halt European imperialism in South America while preserving that continent for its own imperialist desires, and nothing apparently can change that opinion.

History may well say that the Monroe Doctrine, which for 115 years guarded the Americas from the rapacious rulers of Europe, was replaced on Christmas Eve, 1938, by the Declaration of Lima, aimed at the European dictators and their undemocratic ideologies.

In reports flashed to Europe, the Declaration was described as a collective security pact. Dr. Afranio de Mello Franco, of Brazil, interpreted it as meaning just that, but the other Latin Republics, particu-

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larly Yankee-hating Argentina, kept significantly quiet. Phrased so that almost anything can be read into it if an emergency arises, and unlike a treaty that requires ratification, the declaration goes much further than Argentina originally intended it to. On the other hand, it did not go as far as the United States had hoped, nor nearly as far as Brazil and some other States wanted it to go.

As for the intention to bar German and Italian barter trading and the political beliefs of the dictators, that was an immediate failure. The ink was hardly dry when Italy and Uruguay signed a commercial treaty; Brazil, no matter how reluctantly, must sign a trade pact with Germany to barter cotton for machinery, in accordance with a prior agreement. And Rudolf Brinkmann, Secretary of State in the German Economics Mission in Peru, bluntly warned the other South American States that they must stand by Germany or lose their best customer. At the same time, the *Diplomatische Korrespondenz*, the Berlin Foreign Office mouthpiece, remarked that the Lima Conference outcome 'alarms no one,' adding a slap at Roosevelt and Hull: 'There is indeed no country so foolish as to attempt what the American States declare they will not tolerate.'

Peru, the seat of the conference and ruled by a Fascist-like dictatorship, made no efforts to haul down the Swastika flags that flew over Lima during the entire period of the conference. On Christmas Day, 100,000 persons braved the sweltering heat in Santiago, Chile, to hail Pedro Aguirre Cerda, the new 'People's Front' President, elected by the Communists who welded the powerful Federation of Labor and the Radical and Socialist parties into a Popular Front.

Thus, the acclaim over the 'success of Lima' had hardly died down than the Americas had reverted to the *status quo*—five outright democracies, three semi-democracies; seven outright dictatorships and six semi-dictatorships.

But to back the solemnly signed Declaration of Lima, the United States quickly attempted to promote Western Hemisphere friendship as more than a mere 'solidarity on paper,' and the powerful United States Fleet, under secret orders, began to move from the Pacific to the Atlantic for maneuvers off Panama and in the Caribbean. In March the four heavy cruisers will sail around the rim of South America, touching every important port as visible evidence that this nation has the will as well as the means to support the decisions of Lima—decisions already voided by many signers.

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AT THE SAME TIME Nazi activities in Mexico have increased at a rapid speed. The anti-Nazi *Liga Por Cultura Alemana* in Mexico City recently made public the following letter which was sent by the Foreign

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Department of the National-Socialist Party to a German resident of Mexico City. The man, who was married to a Mexican woman, had lost his job with a German organization because his marriage was regarded as 'race-defilement.'

National Socialist Party
Foreign Department
*Re: Aryan origin of your wife and children.*

This is to confirm receipt of your letter.

From the data you gave me, I cannot immediately determine whether your wife and your children are of pure Aryan extraction. Should it be correct that your wife is of pure Spanish blood, then she is Aryan. However, it is generally assumed that the Spanish-Mexican families have at some time or other mixed with the non-Aryan native race. Therefore it is necessary to submit proof of the fact that an Indian admixture of blood does not exist in her family, or, at least, has not occurred since 1800.

Enclosed please find a blank form of the kind that the experts for race research in the Reich Ministry of the Interior request as a basis for a statement about Aryan extraction. It is necessary to add proof for the data inserted on this blank by enclosing snapshots and personal documents (birth certificate and marriage license).

I should advise you to carry out the necessary investigation yourself, or to have it done by your wife, since coöperation on the part of German authorities is unfortunately out of the question.

---

NEWS THAT MAY WELL ALARM AMERICANS, meanwhile, is that Colonel Fulgencio Batista, the 'Little Napoleon of Cuba,' was to go to Mexico on January 31 as the official guest of the Government. In all his 37 years, Batista had never left Cuba until last November, when he visited the United States. Batista returned to Havana and announced that United States tariffs on Cuban sugar would be reduced in return for the modification of nationalist labor laws to benefit American investors and free entry of Louisiana rice. Disconcerting, however, was the news following directly on the heels of the Lima conference, that Batista had developed a sudden urge to visit Mexico, where there are increasing reports of communism. Since Cuba has been the special target of Mexican propaganda laid down all over South America since Mexico 'expropriated' American and British oil lands last April, Americans are beginning to wonder if their $730,000,000 investments in Cuban sugar, public utilities, tobacco fields and manganese mines are not due for the 'Mexican treatment.'

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How Mussolini appears to one of his biographers today; a satire ascribed to Il Duce; some facts about Tunisia.

# Spotlight *on* Mussolini

## I. Mussolini Off Guard

*By* Emil Ludwig

[*Emil Ludwig, whose* Talks with Mussolini *caused a stir in Europe at the time of their appearance (1932), here makes this 'Postscript' available—a contribution toward an understanding of the psychology of a dictator.*]

FOR six years I have been attacked by my democratic friends, because I am supposed to have written 'on behalf of Mussolini.' At the same time arch-Fascists have assured me that after this book they would never again read a word of mine. The reason for this double-barreled hostility is to be found in the very nature of my *Talks with Mussolini*. They represent a dialogue between a powerless democrat and a dictator, conducted upon a purely intellectual plane. The contrast seemed to intrigue Mussolini. He deliberately chose a political opponent to conduct these conversations—which went on for several weeks, and the like of which he never again permitted himself. Our previous contact had been largely by means of my books. The suggestion for these conversations came from him. We had had a few casual talks since 1929. Now he wished to place these on a systematic basis.

Today the Italian press, suddenly 'converted' to racism, is attacking me, because the Duce confided so many truths to me which are now most inconvenient. Thus I am forced, in self-defense, to tell something of the history of the book.

The conversations were the result of weeks of preparation on my part—preparation as for a great game of chess. They were easier for me than for him, for he knew only that I would pose 400 questions. Many of his replies were excellent. I spoke in Italian, to keep him in good humor, but nevertheless I found it necessary, first to put the conversations down in German, my mother tongue. When I was done, at the beginning of April, 1932, he asked me when I expected to com-

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plete the manuscript. Since dictators suffer from the delusion that they alone work with speed and energy, I replied that I would have the manuscript on his desk within two weeks.

I kept my word. I had feared that he would make a great many corrections. Actually, he changed just eighteen words on 230 pages—practically nothing at all.

The book was then turned over for translation to his own publisher, Mondadori. The translation, however, displeased the Duce. He complained that he had been able to recognize himself far more clearly in the original German. He therefore ordered another translation, which received his approval. The book quickly went to press—the page proofs once more receiving his approval—and preparation was made for June publication.

When Mussolini, however, showed the page proofs to a few of his intimates, they were aghast. The dictator had permitted himself to tell certain truths about his feelings and thoughts! One of his closest friends is supposed to have said to him: 'We would willingly die to protect you, and you tell the world you have no friends nor could have any!' The Vatican sent a certain cleric who always served as liaison officer to warn him of the consequences of expressing publicly to the entire country his fatalism and his doubts in God.

Mussolini yielded. He sent for the publisher and explained that the book could not appear in the original form. The publisher countered with the statement that twenty thousand copies had been printed and bound; that the press, at Mussolini's own desire, had played up the forthcoming publication of the book. If he were to suppress it, he would be unable to prevent translations from getting into the country and causing confusion. Mussolini realized that it was too late. He released the book but enjoined the publisher from reprinting the original text after the first edition was exhausted. At the same time he gave orders that the entire press was to publish excerpts from the book just before its publication! These excerpts appeared in all Italian newspapers between June 28 and 30, 1932, with laudatory introductions. Mussolini's own organ, the *Popolo d'Italia*, in Milan, described the book as 'exciting, timely and of world-wide interest.' The *Popolo d'Italia*, incidentally, was the only newspaper to reprint the passages about the Deity which were so distressing to the Vatican (June 9, 1932). This was to be his revenge for the restraint which the Church had attempted to place upon him in this matter!

The whole course of events—Mussolini's backing down on two successive occasions—made me see the limits of dictatorial power and I drew my own ironical conclusions.

The second edition, revised by Mussolini himself in a copy now in my possession, contained very few changes. Only something like five pages dealing with the above-mentioned matters were cut. Not a word, of course, was cut relating to racism and the Jews, for at the time Mussolini was still courting the Pope's favor.

Opinion throughout Italy, however, was to the effect that the new edition was no longer interesting, and the first one was much in demand. Today, the price for one of those first twenty thousand copies is supposed to range up to 500 lire.

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In answer to a polite request from Rome I excluded Mussolini's cuts from eleven foreign editions, including the French. They were not, however, made in the German edition, since this appeared simultaneously with the original Italian edition in an unexpurgated printing of twenty-five thousand copies. The passages I am here publicizing have therefore been in print for some six years in approximately fifty thousand Italian and German copies.

II

The first passage to be cut related to *loyalty*. During the long conversation about Napoleon, Mussolini said: 'There is another great thing I learned from him. At the very outset he destroyed any illusions I may have had about man's loyalty. On this point I am absolutely immune.' *This was cut!*

Another passage he changed dealt with the King's attempts to resist Mussolini's March on Rome in October, 1922. Whether the King actually relinquished his power voluntarily is an old question. When I asked Mussolini himself, he confirmed the fact that the King had already signed an order placing Rome under martial law.

In the second edition he changed this as follows: 'They had decided upon this measure; but the King on two occasions refused to sign.'

The other five cuts relate to God, Faith and Church. He had told me how his faith in talismans had constantly grown. *This was cut.*

Elsewhere he had expressed himself interestingly on the subject of the development of the early Christian Church: 'Peter, after all, was only a sort of propagandist. When Saint Paul, on the other hand, came here to Rome, he became the true founder, the real organizer of the Christian Church. It was very strange! Those excellent epistles! A most significant transformation from the Jewish. Up until the year 69 or 70 all Judaism was concentrated in Jerusalem, Alexandria, Salonika. Then came the sudden separation—the Jews divided. And the new religion went over to the Romans, the heathens. No one knows how it happened that from a certain moment on the Jews no longer recognized Christ. I once questioned a rabbi on this point, but he did not answer me. It is strange how a deed first becomes legend, then heresy. Thus it is always. Had Christianity not come to Imperial Rome, it would have remained a Jewish sect.' *This was cut.*

At another point I had asked him what the Fascist State was doing for the unwed mother. He replied:—

'We do more for mothers than any other State in Europe. We cannot concern ourselves whether the mother was the wife or merely the consort of the father. In this point we deviate from the position of the Church. The Church has her own philosophy, her own doctrine, her own world.' *This, too, was cut.*

When I mentioned an anti-Church novel he had written in his youth, he dropped the subject, but added: 'At that time the clergy was really honeycombed with corruption.' *This sentence, too, was cut.*

The longest and most important passages to be cut, which originally made up the book's conclusion, referred to fatalism. I asked him whether a pupil of Machiavelli and Nietzsche could have any faith at all.

'Faith in himself—that would be something,' he said quickly and smiled.

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Then he leaned forward into the lamp light and continued with more precision than pathos: 'Let me explain my development to you. In my youth I believed in nothing. I had implored God in vain to save my mother, yet she had died. Moreover, all mysticism resisted me—perhaps a result of the colors and sounds of the convent where I was educated for some time. Yet I, as little as Renan, wholly exclude the possibility that during millions of years there may have been a supernatural phenomenon at some time—in other words, that nature is divine. I simply have not seen it myself. It may even be that in millions of years to come a similar phenomenon may repeat itself. That might well remain within the realm of science like gravity, like death. More recently my faith in the existence of a divine force in the universe has grown.'

'A Christian force?' I asked.

'A divine force,' he repeated with a gesture which left my question up in the air. 'Man can worship God in many ways. Every one should be left strictly to his own way.'

I then turned my attention to the problem that is dealt with even by ancient tragedy: Why should man himself act, if fate leads him along his predetermined path? Mussolini seemed to see no problem here:—

'One must react against fatalism by means of the will. It is an interesting struggle. The will must prepare the ground upon which fate is to unfold.'

I told him that I had recently, in the library of a certain man, seen the motto: '*Oltre il destino!* (Beyond fate!)' He asked whether this man had ever challenged fate. I told him the man's name, the aviator Balbo.

'That is not my motto,' said Mussolini. 'No one may challenge fate twice. And every one dies the death that fits his character.'

These significant sentences, many of which were reprinted in his *own* newspaper in advance of publication, because he recognized their significance—all these were subsequently cut in deference to the Vatican.

Since then his dependence has grown. When I was preparing my book about the Nile in 1936 during the early period of the Ethiopian War, the Roman radio and the entire Italian press reported lectures I delivered on the subject of the blue Nile. They utilized every criticism I made of the Ethiopian Government—until the War broke out.

III

Suddenly everything changed—the influence of the so-called 'Axis' began. Mussolini looked around for ore and coal deposits; he found it necessary to suppress books because they were prohibited in Germany. When I learned that *The Nile* was not permitted to appear in Italian, I inquired of Mussolini in a letter whether I had really become a forbidden author in Italy, after eleven of my books had been distributed there in many editions and after Mussolini himself in his conversations had come to discuss several of these books.

On July 13 he sent me a message that the book was released *colla massima autorizazione*, with highest approval. My publisher confirmed this and my book promptly went into production. The translator even asked me about several passages toward the end of the book. Suddenly publication of the book was stopped despite Mussolini's own approval.

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Both these stories show the considerations which even a dictator is forced to observe, the first time toward the clergy, the second time toward the very antithesis of the clergy, the Nazis. In both cases he was compelled to alter his own decision.

Today he has even been forced to adhere to the racial theories which he invariably treated with derision in his conversations with me—and not only in these. Today his German allies compel him to proceed against the Jews. In his conversations with me—and naturally even in the *later* revised editions—he expressed recognition of the spirit of Marx and Lassalle, and described Rathenau as one of the finest and most penetrating minds produced in Europe during the last quarter-century. He had emphasized the contributions made by Italian Jews and praised them as 'ever loyal citizens.' And when in our final conversation I came to the subject of race and asked him about the Latin race, he interrupted me with animation:—

'I told you before there is no such thing as race. It is an illusion of the mind. An emotion! But does it exist any the less?'

'Then one might even choose one's own race?' I inquired.

'It can be done,' he replied.

The *Talks* made Mussolini known throughout the world, even among his enemies, as an intellect. I confess that I would never have undertaken writing them had I foreseen the coming of his puny imitator. Yet my conception of his personality has in no way changed. I am not inclined to judge the significance of a statesman according to his estimate of my ideas and my race. In a recent piece I have sharply distinguished Mussolini from Hitler. At the time of our talks he changed only eighteen words; I have only a single word to change: I called him all-powerful in his own country, and I believed that he was all-powerful. This adjective was in error.

Good-bye, Mussolini! The hours spent at your hostile desk were far more interesting than many which I have spent with my political friends. Is there anything more stimulating than conversation with a spirited opponent? Your new friends seem to cherish similar feelings; Herr Göring's jealously led him to crave a book, *Conversations with Göring*, as early as 1934. An English agent who was conducting these negotiations for my then London publisher described them and added: 'General Göring said that the *Conversations* must attain at least the intellectual level of Emil Ludwig's *Talks with Mussolini*.' The publisher was available, and so was the author, yet the *Conversations* have not appeared in the ensuing four years. Evidently the intellectual level was lacking.

## II. Dialogue on the Thames

Translated from *Popolo d'Italia*, Milan Fascist Daily

[*In the following imaginary dialogue, the significance of which is self-evident, Benito Mussolini, the journalist, takes the floor. To be sure, the articles he writes for his* Popolo d'Italia *are unsigned; but there is no mistaking them.*

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*They appear in special type and make-up, and all the other newspapers feel constrained to comment upon the great event. Thus there is never any doubt as to the author—which is as it is intended. The real interest of the piece lies in the assertion that 'a Great War' is being waged in the world, and that Haile Selassie and Beneš are only its* first *victims. It lies even more in the mocking of the democracies and in the warning never to expect any help from other democracies; and in the exhortation always to yield at once without offering any resistance! At last Mussolini has personally entered the campaign —a step he had heretofore avoided.*]

THE time is a late Sunday afternoon; the scene is the country estate of MR. GEORGE SAILOR, a liberal member of the House of Commons, though not tied to any party. MR. SAILOR is the kind of Englishman who is always playing the protector to someone or something. SAILOR'S principal guests are RAS TAFARI (the former Emperor Haile Selassie), and BENEŠ. At first the meeting of these two exalted guests had been somewhat embarrassing; but the great club chairs by the fireplace were moved up close and the ice was soon broken.

TAFARI

Well, how do these first London days agree with you?

BENEŠ

Not so bad as you might think. You must remember that I spent years during the War in various countries of Europe as a refugee. I have a good deal of practice in changing my climate.

TAFARI

Did you find a sympathetic reception here?

BENEŠ

So so. I would be naïve to show the slightest surprise. In official circles I am *only* Mr. Beneš; to others—even to my sympathizers—I am *above all* Mr. Beneš.

TAFARI

Well, I have become a nobody since November 16. To tell the truth, even before. Yes, there's a small group of fanatical old maids who still address me as 'Your Majesty,' but they will calm down by and by, when my funds are exhausted.

BENEŠ

The time for illusions is gone. The democracies are fast dying out, and those who pride themselves on being democrats exhibit an unbelievable ingratitude and a cruel cynicism.

TAFARI

And to think that we wander as exiles on the face of the earth simply because we believe in the democracies, because we banked upon their sense of responsibility and upon their word. . . .

BENEŠ

I am in the same boat as you; except that I have a few qualms myself as far as you are concerned. For I—a democrat—bear part of the responsibility that led to your downfall.

TAFARI

How so?

BENEŠ

You are gracious enough to have forgotten it; however, it is particularly embarrassing to me to be reminded of it. I presided over the meeting of the

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League of Nations when Sanctions against Italy were decreed.

TAFARI

Oh, yes. At the time I thought that the solidarity of the League of Nations gave me sufficient strength to win out over everything. Eden advised me to resist because fifty-two States had expressed their complete solidarity. There was a moment, you know, when I might still have negotiated; but my Geneva representative, Jèze, informed me that Italy was at the end of her strength, sure to fall victim to famine or revolution, that anti-Fascism was triumphant, and that negotiations with Italy would represent the blackest treachery against the League.

BENEŠ

I had the same experience. If I had followed my instinct, I would have negotiated with Henlein and would have ultimately accepted the famous eight points of Karlsbad. In this way I would have saved my country and might still today be sitting in the Presidential Palace at Prague. But from Paris they told me to resist. When complications arose they told me to mobilize. France proclaimed after every banquet that her signature was sacred, that she would march, that the treaty of alliance was an authentic treaty and not a 'scrap of paper,' that to make any concessions to Hitler would mean to consecrate the triumph of dictatorship, that France would be covered with ignominious shame if she did not rush to the aid of her ally. The Paris rulers brought forth the argument that France herself would lose all her positions in the Danubian region and thus would have to renounce her position as a first-rate Power. Who could doubt such arguments? Of course, when I took a look at the geographical position of my country and the rest of Europe, I had to ask myself how all this help was going to arrive. But the French informed me that if the Gallic cock crowed, the British lion, too, would stretch out its paw and with its roar would awaken the Russian bear. Who would have hesitated in view of the promises of intervention by so powerful a democratic menagerie? Instead Czechoslovakia was ignominously abandoned to her fate, and except for Munich she would have been wiped off the map of Europe altogether. The paradox of the situation is that if a Czechoslovak State still exists, it is due to Mussolini.

TAFARI

After the defeat at Mai Ceu, where I had fruitlessly engaged all my best forces, only to see them broken and destroyed by the Italians—when I reached Addis Ababa after that defeat with a handful of followers, I was determined to sue for peace. The Empress implored me, my son begged me to do it. I had really wanted to remain in Dessye to receive the conditions of surrender from Marshal Badoglio. I asked the opinion of my European advisers. They were unanimously for resistance. When they realized that resistance was impossible, they advised escape—for had not the League and all the world promised to reinstate me upon my throne? But why remember now the promises and absentee aid of the democracies? There is no more time for illusions. I have resigned myself. One of these days, when I have reached the end of my tether, I shall throw myself upon the generosity of Mussolini.

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And—who knows?—it may not be in vain.

BENEŠ

Did you ever meet him?

TAFARI

Yes, in 1924, when I visited Rome. I had several conversations with him. During one of them we discussed Italo-Ethiopian relations. I remember vividly that Il Duce at one point said: 'Your only possible policy is one of friendship with Italy. If you pursue such a policy, you will always find me a generous and loyal friend. If, on the other hand, you try to play others against us, Italy is certain to change the character of Italo-Ethiopian relations. Do not deceive yourself! Italy today is great, strong and armed.' Upon my return to Addis Ababa my European advisers attempted to blur the impressions I had received in Rome by insisting that Italy was only bluffing. I had never heard that term before and asked to have it explained. My military advisers—Frenchmen, Belgians, Russians, Swiss—assured me that I could at any time, at the head of my invincible warriors, drive the Italians into the ocean by way of Massawa. It would have been much wiser if I had listened to Mussolini.

BENEŠ

I, too, met him—first during the War and several times later. Once, toward the end of the World War he told me: 'Do not inflate yourself with territories and peoples. Better not put too much in your pocket. Do not create a new Austria unless you want to share her fate.'

[There is a long silence. Sailor has listened to the conversation without once attempting to speak; but his face shows deep emotion. Finally, as though to encourage his guests, he says:]

SAILOR

Your words are extraordinarily pathetic. They should have been heard by those who have abandoned you. You are the first victims of the great war which is now being waged all over the world between two conceptions of life: the totalitarian and the democratic. One battle has been lost; but the war is not over yet.

BENEŠ

Not over yet? Ah, then we shall soon have among us Chiang Kai-shek and Negrin.

## III. TUNISIA! TUNISIA!

*By* BERNARD SIMIONESCO

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

THE train stopped at Ghardimaou, a station on the Algiers-Tunis frontier. Immediately a policeman, in a magnificent blue uniform and nautical cap ornamented by a tricolor cockade, entered my compartment, followed by two customs officers. They looked through my papers, and apologized for their vigilance; they had to do it, they said, because of the unprecedented growth of the drug traffic in Tunisia.

These were the first words I heard upon arriving. I also heard them later

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again. They hinted at one of the many mysterious subterranean activities in Tunisia, which has remained, beneath the veneer of western civilization, essentially and profoundly oriental. A Tunisian is a true Levantine; he despises the Westernized Islam and yet says contemptuously, in speaking about his Moslem brothers of Morocco and Algiers: 'Those fools are making war with their rifles. We prefer to do it with dialectics—and a little money. . . .'

Others have sung the brilliant radiance in which Tunis is bathed and have written about the fierce, harsh, unyielding character of its natives. The various reports about the success of the French rule would fill many shelves in a library. But the recent Italian demonstrations have served better than anything else to show to what extent, after all, Tunisia is the work of the French.

The day after my arrival in Tunis, I made an excursion to Carthage. Nothing is left of that city except a name. One after the other, the Romans, the Vandals and the Turks have passed through it, each destroying the preceding civilization. Only a few stones are left, but the memory of the downfall of one of the greatest Mediterranean Powers still seems to linger in the gloomy and heroic landscape.

As I arrived on the historic hill, the sun was hanging over the horizon; the sky, with great purple light playing upon it, was reflected in the water of the bay. Tunis, with its white domes and minarets of its mosques, nestled like a white flower in the hollow of the valley. In the purpling sky, an airplane of the Air France line traced an intricate geometric design.

I remembered that about fifty years ago the ruins underfoot were a fit symbol of Tunisia. There were no hospitals, no other centers of education except the Koranic schools and the *medersas*. The people were ruled by the unbridled will of the Bey, and the public treasury was open to the whims of his favorites. Periodically epidemics ravaged the country. There were only primitive means of transportation, no postal system, no highways.

Today 3,700 miles of good highways and 1,200 miles of railroads have been constructed. The native population, then about 1,500,000, has been almost doubled. The trade that in 1881 had amounted to 23,000,000 francs, has already passed the three-billion mark. The agricultural aspect of Tunisia, too, has been changed. From 500,000 hectares the amount of arable land has grown to something like 2,000,000 hectares, and the cultivation of vinyards and olive groves has shown astonishingly good results. An unbelievable sum of French capital has been invested here. The construction of ports, of mines, railroads, electric stations has demanded money that this poverty-stricken country could not supply.

Such is the record of French achievement in Tunisia. Certainly, it has not been free of mistakes and of bitterness. It is impossible to change completely the entire character of the country without running into obstacles. But the work is still going on, and in spite of everything, the sovereignty of France has remained unchallenged. It will be able to withstand the challenge that has been hurled at it by the Italian ambitions.

It must be admitted, however, that Italy has played her game cleverly.

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She has played upon the vanity of Italians living in Tunisia by putting the emphasis on their number—the first step in creating a discontented minority problem. The secret agents that have been spreading pro-Italian propaganda in Tunisia are known to have financed the Destour movement whose chief, the lawyer Bourguiba, is now in prison together with his aides. It appears, however, that this organization has used the Italian money for its own rather than Italy's purposes. A former secretary of the Destour party told me: 'We have not the slightest intention of living under the rule of Italy. Even if we wanted to, no one would follow us.'

It seems that the handwriting on the wall was seen even before the demonstration in Parliament. As early as October the *Unione*, which is the official government paper in Tunisia, had begun publishing a series of articles called *French and Italians in Tunisia*, whose tone and trend of argumentation seemed to indicate that they came from an official source. It was the usual procedure: these articles, visibly inspired by the Palazzo Chighi, were like a rumbling of artillery on the eve of the great attack.

The radio propaganda followed hard upon its heels. It is still going on. The following letter, written by a group of Italians living in Tunis, was broadcast from the Radio-Rome station:—

'It is impossible to describe to you what we have suffered since the ardent cries of the Italian Chamber of deputies came to us over the radio. We are now being persecuted—we who alone have transformed with our sweat and our blood the arid land of Tunisia into the land of olive-trees.

'We are living in great mental anguish. Everything is against us. We must pay an unjustifiable amount of taxes. The natives and the French are aligned against us. Those of us who are poor and powerless are without the means to defend ourselves. Our lands are the butts of unprovoked attacks. For several days now we have had to face the violent hatred of the French and of the Bolshevized natives. But the Italians of Tunis will never be French subjects. . . .'

## II

There are today in Tunisia 108,000 Frenchmen and 94,000 Italians. This is due to the fact that in the beginning of the French settlement of Tunisia, there was a lack of manual workers; Italian workers were used to break the ground and Italian masons built the houses for the European settlers. These workers, who came to Tunisia, driven by their needs rather than by any imperialistic ambitions, had no intentions of creating an Italian colony.

But they found work and land and eventually stayed here. After a while many of them were able to lead a comfortable existence and some even made fortunes, thanks to the considerable amount of French capital invested in Tunisia. Certainly those people, whom poverty has forced to leave their own country, can consider themselves only as debtors to France. Their work cannot give to the country whence they came any political rights in Tunisia. Nor will France allow any revision of the Franco-Italian treaty of 1935 that is unfavorable to her. As a matter of fact, we would be justified in taking away the

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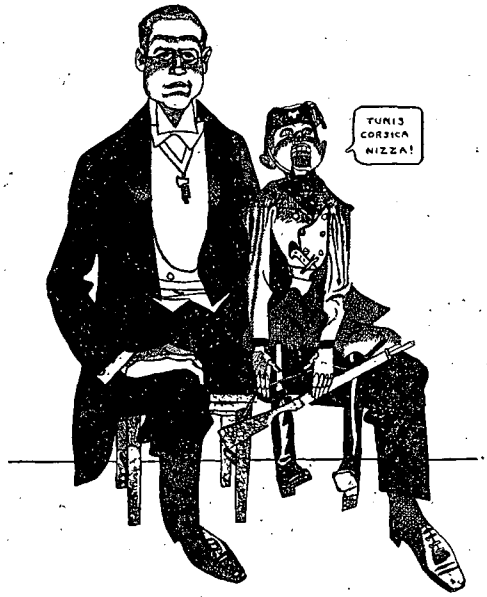
special rights conceded to the Italians by the terms of this treaty.

Tunisia, situated in the middle of the Western Mediterranean, separated from Libya by an imaginary boundary that the Treaty of 1935 was not able to mark more clearly, appears to the beholder to be the bulwark of French Africa. Abandoning it as a result of diplomatic or military action would undermine the security of French North Africa, and endanger the French possessions of Tchad and the Cameroons. This bastion is now being menaced. Rome wants to establish an Italian sphere of influence across the Dark Continent extending from Libya to the Cameroons. It is in pursuit of this insane dream that numerous airdromes have recently been built in Sardinia and in Sicily, that the Island of Pantellaria has been fortified without any apparent reason, and that Marshal Balbo is maintaining an army of 80,000 men, almost entirely motorized, on the Libyan and Tunisian frontiers, thus commanding the most powerful concentration of white forces in Africa.

But France also has taken protective measures. We have fortified our South Tunisian port by a 'Maginot Line,' where French sharpshooters are keeping vigilant guard. In the North, Bizerta represents one of the best equipped and securest aero-naval bases of the Mediterranean. In the event of conflict, all our North African forces will be rapidly brought to the spot of trouble by means of a great strategic highway and railroad that join Marrakech with Tunis. The command of the Army has been given to one of our best tacticians, General Blanc, an expert in African question, whose exploits during the Riff rebellion are well known.

Let those who cry 'Tunisia, Tunisia!' come and get it if they can.




—From the *Haagsche Post*

CIANO: I am not responsible for this outburst.

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This observer thinks that both sides prefer a bad peace to further bloodshed.

# Spain *Is* Weary

*By* K. S. Robson

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*
London Independent Monthly

THE other day I was watching a maker of artificial limbs, whom war had summoned here from New York, fashioning a foot in his workshop beneath the General Mola Hospital at San Sebastian. When he told me it was for a soldier who had lost his own foot through frostbite in the fight for Teruel last December, my mind went back to that harsh Aragon battlefield where outposts on both sides were frozen to death during the night. It was oppressing to reflect that the survivors now had another winter campaign ahead of them, that, for the third winter in succession, Spaniards were still bent on destroying Spaniards.

Last spring, when the Nationalist forces penetrated Catalonia as far as Lerida and soon afterwards sundered Government territory in two by driving a wedge through to the sea at Vinaroz, most persons in General Franco's part of the country assumed that Spain would not have to face another winter of civil war. In Burgos and Valladolid officials hurriedly drew up plans for policing and feeding the three most populous cities of Spain—Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia. Then, on the night of July 24, a Catalan army, reinforced for the last time by detachments of the International Brigade, broke across the River Ebro and diverted the bulk of the aircraft and artillery which for several weeks had been methodically pulverizing the outer defenses of Valencia. That well-timed and cleverly directed stroke dashed Nationalist Spain's hope of achieving a final military victory in 1938.

The majority of men and women living under General Franco's authority are perceptibly dejected by the remaining distance from war to peace. The hearty '*vivas*' of press and platform can neither allay nor conceal the disappointment and foreboding in their hearts. Were they allowed to be articulate they would proclaim their desire for an immediate armistice on any reasonable terms.

It is not the fear of defeat, or of suffering hitherto unexperienced phys-

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ical hardship, that is troubling the serenity of Nationalist Spain. War has not touched the civilian population nearly as sharply as it has touched the civilian population in Government territory. There has always been plenty of good things to eat and drink in General Franco's thirty-eight provinces. The *Dia del plato unico*, a weekly exaggeration of Germany's monthly *Eintopfsonntag* [One-Dish Sunday], is observed out of moral, not economic, necessity. Meat is being more thriftily distributed than before, and beer cannot be brewed as quickly and copiously as it is sometimes drunk. There is a scarcity of rice, oranges, lemons, and cigarettes. But these are deprivations of no great consequence. Up to now the only serious problem in Nationalist Spain's domestic economy has been to provide a sufficient quantity of textiles without placing orders abroad. For the bulk of Spain's textile goods has always been manufactured in Catalonia, a source still unpromisingly remote from Nationalist buyers. But again there is no question of deprivation acute enough to cause grave suffering or even apprehension.

As for the military, they will be a little better off this winter than they were last, for they have pushed their major battlefields forward to country where the climate is milder. General Franco's troops are remarkably well fed in the field; on stagnant sectors this winter they will, no doubt, be bartering their surplus bread, meat and coffee for the enemy's surplus *anis*, like last year.

II

Yet, notwithstanding its resources and record of military success, Nationalist Spain is becoming more nervy and diffident as the war proceeds. Those who committed themselves voluntarily and wholeheartedly to General Franco's cause in 1936, anticipating victory within a few weeks, are beginning to ask themselves uneasily if the gains of the uprising can ever be worth the appalling and utterly unexpected price.

Neither side publishes lists of casualties, and, such is the bitterness of spirit, neither has accepted the suggestion of the International Red Cross that a record should be kept as far as possible of the identity of enemy dead found abandoned on the field. But as one goes about Spain, one rarely meets a person whose family has not been bereaved in one way or another. Spaniards who have been trying to keep count of the number of killed since the war began unanimously put the figure at at least 1,000,000. Of these the majority are young men who would have served their country well in time of peace.

While the war is costing thousands of valuable lives, it is simultaneously fast laying waste the country's economic resources. Both sides have understandably drawn impenetrable veils over their financial practices and over many of their commercial transactions. But anybody can figure that the bill for war material must be exceedingly heavy, and that it will take years to rebuild the scores of destroyed towns, villages and harbors, and the hundreds of sprung roads and bridges. Every honest Nationalist knows to his discomfort that a great deal of the damage has been done by General Franco's artillery and aircraft. Few are deceived by the customary announcement before the Nationalist

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troops enter a town which has been heavily shelled and bombed that, before retiring, the 'Marxist hordes' dynamited the principal buildings. It is realized that much more destruction will have to be wrought before the war is finished. And the longer the war lasts, the poorer Spain will be when she sets out to put her shattered house in order, and the more difficult it will be for the leaders of the country to fulfill their promises.

Another substantial bill which Nationalist Spain did not reckon for at the beginning of the war is that for foreign assistance over such a long period. There is little doubt that Nationalist Spain is paying now in cash and goods for all the foreign help it is receiving except the guns and airplanes that have been lent for the duration of the war. But there is good reason for supposing that Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini expect to receive more from intervention in Spain than the employment of a certain number of their countries' youth. A German air officer told me that one of Germany's biggest gains from intervention in Spain is the experience of war being acquired by airmen and military technicians. An Italian pilot said much the same thing, and added that the Spanish war had occupied a large number of the soldiers who would have been at a loose end on their return from Ethiopia.

III

Will that be sufficient for the two dictators? Many of General Franco's subjects have an uneasy suspicion that it will not, that the longer the war drags on the more difficult it will be to free the country afterwards from alien economic exploitation, the influence of alien ideas and the dangerous consequences of alien alliances.

The Burgos Government has sought to forestall foreign exploitation of Spain's rich mineral resources by introducing a law that confines the granting of mining concessions to Spanish companies, financed by Spanish capital and advised as far as possible by Spanish engineers. But there are many other economic opportunities in the Peninsula, and 'Hisma,' the central German trading organization in Spain, is busily finding them out and preparing to make the most of them. The continually expanding commercial air lines of Nationalist Spain, for instance, are now operated entirely by German pilots, flying German airplanes and assisted by German radio operators and ground engineers.

It is unavoidable that the foreigners who are being given an exceptional opportunity to enter intimately and without competition into Spanish economic life are appreciably influencing the country's political ideas. Newspaper readers in General Franco's territory have to rely for the greater part of their foreign news on the reports supplied for next to nothing by the official German and Italian news agencies. In Burgos the other day I bought a small German-Spanish dictionary published before the war, in which two or three supplementary pages have been inserted since 1936, giving the Spanish for German technical and political terms. The four pages devoted to political expressions for the use of propagandists give the Spanish for such significant Nazi concepts as Aryan, concentration camp, war-guilt lies, racial purity, and totalitarianism.

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The one clear political development in Nationalist Spain since the beginning of the war has been the emergence, not without struggle, of the Falange Española Tradicionalista, a totalitarian party, as the ruling clique. The Falange has derived its policy and practices largely from Nazi and Fascist models, often regardless of their suitability for the Spanish people, who are by nature individualists and at the same time deeply religious. The devout Roman Catholics of Navarre, fighting to restore God and the king to their former places in Spain, are already murmuring openly but impotently against the Falange and the character it is assuming from association with totalitarian and anti-Catholic advisers.

IV

No account of the cost of the civil war would be complete without taking into consideration the intangible but none the less grievous wounds inflicted upon the nation's spirit by two-and-a-half years of fratricide. To persuade the citizens of a country to wage war continuously against their fellow-citizens it is necessary to kindle hatred by fair means or foul and feed the flames with unceasing extravagance. This has been happening in Spain, with ugly consequences from which, the longer the war continues, the longer it will take the country to recover. The shooting of prisoners of war who are known to have taken an active part in politics, unchivalrous contempt for a brave enemy, spy mania, denunciation of neighbors, unjust executions and jails filled with harmless political suspects are all manifestations of the peculiar brutality and hysteria of civil strife. In one of the few magnanimous speeches provoked by the war, General Yagüe tried to warn Nationalist Spain of the trouble it was laying up for itself by this cheap belittlement of a courageous foe and the fearful intolerance which was filling the jails to overflowing. He appealed for greater forbearance so that the people in Government territory might not be so frightened of the consequences of a Nationalist victory. But the text of General Yagüe's speech was immediately suppressed. Nationalist newspapers and spokesmen continue to fan the hatred, which bodes ill for the future unity of Spain.

The increasing burden of the war would be lighter to bear were Nationalist Spain unshakably convinced that the struggle was worth while. But it is undeniable that the longer the war continues the less there is to fight about, except for the leaders, to whom defeat would mean death or exile. The struggle that began in July, 1936, was, in the last analysis, principally a struggle for jobs, a conflict between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots.' As few persons are completely single-minded, secondary motives also played a part, and, sounding more respectable, were sometimes used to conceal the primary impulse. The Army, the Church and the great landowners and industrialists, many of them Royalists, sided with General Franco in the expectation that he would restore and secure their interests.

As the war has dragged on, General Franco has been compelled to exact more and more from all ranks of the nation, but particularly from those whose desire is to raise their standard of living. His army of 800,000 men has been conscribed largely from the unprivileged classes. The obliga-

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tions thus entailed have driven him so to modify his program that the present political trend of Nationalist Spain is dismaying many of his original following among the well-to-do. A comparison of the official war-born programs of Nationalist and Government Spain leads one to the conclusion that both sides are in agreement as to ends, and differ only as to the means by which the ends are to be attained. I do not believe that the majority of Spaniards on either side consider this difference in method enough to justify the unrelenting slaughter.

V

The first three points of the program of Falange Española Tradicionalista, the official program of Nationalist Spain, are as follows:—

1. We believe in the supreme reality of Spain. To strengthen it, elevate it and improve it is the urgent collective task of all Spaniards. In order to achieve this end, the interests of individuals, groups, and classes will have to be remorselessly waived.

2. Spain is a destined unity in the universe. Any conspiracy against this unity is abhorrent. Any form of separatism is an unpardonable crime. The existing Constitution, in so far as it encourages any disunity, commits a crime against the destiny of Spain. For this reason we demand its immediate abrogation.

3. We have a will to empire. We affirm that the full history of Spain implies an empire. We demand for Spain a preëminent place in Europe. We will not put up with international isolation or with foreign interference. With regard to the Hispano-American countries, we will aim at unification of culture, of economic interests and of power.

Compare these with points 1, 2 and 5 of the Government program (Dr. Negrin's Thirteen Points):—

1. To insure the absolute independence and complete integrity of Spain. A Spain entirely free from all foreign interference, whatever its character and origin, with her peninsular and insular territory and her possessions untouched and safe from any attempt at dismemberment, alienation, or mortgage and retaining the protectorate zones assigned to her by international agreements. . . . Fully conscious of her historical and traditional obligations, Spain will draw more closely together the links forged by a common origin and sense of universality—a traditional characteristic of her people—which bind her to the other Spanish-speaking countries.

2. The liberation of our territory from the foreign military forces that have invaded it, as well as from those who have entered Spain since 1936, and who, under the pretext of technical collaboration, are intervening or attempting to dominate the juridical life of Spain in their own interests.

5. Respect for regional liberties without prejudice to Spanish unity. Protection and development of the personality and individuality of the various regions of Spain, as imposed by historic law and fact; this, far from signifying disintegration, is the best means of welding together the various elements of the nation.

Obviously there is nothing in these aims to justify the prolongation of hostilities.

One could continue comparing both programs point by point, finding close similarity of view on all major issues—*save one*. Even on the radical questions of the rights of labor and of the necessity for land reform the two programs acknowledge the same ends. The

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Falange Española program claims:—

> We repudiate any capitalist system which ignores popular necessities, dehumanizes private property and huddles workers into shapeless masses ripe for misery and despair. Our spiritual and national sense also repudiates Marxism. . . . The first object of wealth . . . is to better the people's conditions of life. It is intolerable that great masses of people should live miserably whilst the few enjoy every luxury. . . . The State will recognize private property as a lawful means of fulfilling individual, family and social ends, and will protect it against the abuses of the great financiers, speculators, and moneylenders.

Since these words were written, General Franco has promised further concessions to the workers in a generous Labor Charter, so that the Nationalist program approximates still more closely to points 7 and 9 of the Government program, which specify that:—

> The State shall guarantee property legally and legitimately acquired within the limits imposed by the supreme interests of the nation, and the protection of producing elements. Without prejudice to individual initiative, it will prevent the exploitation of the citizen and the subjugation of collective effort by the accumulation of wealth which weakens the controlling action of the State in economic and social life. . . . The State shall guarantee the rights of the worker by means of an advanced social legislation. . . .

As for agricultural reform, both programs advocate the redistribution of land so as to establish small family properties. Both reserve a place for religion in the nation's life.

The major issue on which a difference of opinion is set forth in black and white is the manner in which the Spain of the future is to fulfill the tasks which everybody now agrees have to be taken in hand. The Falange program asserts:—

> Our State will be a totalitarian instrument in the service of national integrity. All Spaniards will take part in it through their family, municipal and syndical functions. No one shall take part in it through any political party. The system of political parties will be implacably abolished, with all that flows from them—inorganic suffrage, representation by conflicting parties and parliament of the familiar type.

To which the Government program replies:—

> A People's Republic, represented by a virile State based on principles of pure democracy, ruling by means of a Government endowed with the full authority conferred by universal suffrage, and symbolizing a strong executive power dependent at all times on the will of the Spanish people. The legal and social structure of the Republic shall be the work of the national will, freely expressed by means of a plebiscite to be held as soon as the war is over, one to be held without restrictions or limitations and with full guarantees to assure those taking part against every possible reprisal.

In spite of this last and important difference, I am utterly convinced that, promised an immediate peace, the majority of Spaniards would accept either program in the knowledge that nobody's peace can be perfect.

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Two sisters, hating each other, yet at heart alike . . . but for their memories.

# *The* Queer Heart

*By* Elizabeth Bowen

MRS. CADMAN got out of the bus backwards. No amount of practice ever made her more agile: the trouble she had with her big bulk amused everyone and amused herself. Gripping the handles each side of the door so tightly that the seams of her gloves cracked, she lowered herself cautiously, like a climber, while her feet, overlapping her smart shoes, uneasily scrabbled at each step. One or two people wondered why the bus made, for one passenger, such a prolonged stop. But on the whole she was well known on this line, for she was constantly in and out of the town. The conductor waited behind her, smiling, holding her basket, arms playfully wide to catch her if she should fall.

Having safely got to the ground, Mrs. Cadman shook herself like a gratified bird. She took back her shopping basket from the conductor and gave him a smile instead. The big, friendly, scarlet bus ground into movement again, off up the main road hill; it made a vanishing blur in the premature autumn dusk. Mrs. Cadman almost waved after it, for with it went the happy part of her day. She turned down the side road that led to her own gate.

A wet wind of autumn, smelling of sodden gardens, blew in her face and tilted her smart hat. Leaves whirled along it, and one lime leaf, as though imploring shelter, caught in her fur collar. Every gust did more to sadden the poor trees. This was one of those roads, outside spreading provincial cities, that still keep their rural mystery. They seem to lead into something still unknown. Traffic roars past one end, but the other end is in silence: you see a wood, a spire, a haughty manor gate, or your view ends with the turn of an old wall.

Here some new raw-looking villas stood with spaces between them; in the spaces were still orchards and market-gardens. A glasshouse roof reflected the wet gray light; there was a shut chapel farther along. And, each standing back in half an acre of

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ground, there were two or three stucco houses with dark windows, somber but at the same time handsome, built years ago in this once retired spot. Dead lime leaves showered over their grass plots and evergreens. Mrs. Cadman's house, Granville, was one of these: its name was engraved in scrolls over the porch. The solid house was not large, and Mrs. Cadman's daughter, Lucille, could look after it with a daily help.

The widow and her daughter lived with a rather cheerless unostentation that Lucille considered suitable for them now. Mr. Cadman had liked to have everything done in style. But twelve years ago he had died, when traveling on business, in an hotel up in the North. Always the gentleman, he had been glad to spare them this final upset at home. He had been brought back to the Midlands for his impressive funeral, whose size showed him a popular man. How unlike Mr. Cadman was Rosa proving herself. One can be most unfriendly in one's way of dying. Ah, well, one chooses one's husband; one makes the best of one's sister.

Mrs. Cadman, thumb on the latch of her own gate, looked for a minute longer up and down the road—deeply, deeply unwilling to go in. She looked back at the corner where the bus had vanished, and an immense sigh heaved up her coat lapels and made a cotton carnation, pinned to the fur, brush a fold of her chin. Laced, hooked, buttoned so tightly into her clothes, she seemed to need to deflate herself by these sudden sighs, by yawns or by those explosions of laughter that often vexed Lucille. From her face—embedded in fat but still very mobile, as exposed, as ingenuous as a little girl's—you could see that some emotional fermentation was always at work in her. Her smiles were frequent, hopeful and quick. Her pitching walk was due to her tight shoes—for it was her heart only that was ever guilty of insobriety.

II

When she did go in, she went in with a sort of rush. She let the door bang back on the hall wall, so that the chain rattled and an outraged clatter came from the letter-box. Immediately she knew she had done wrong. Lucille, appalled, looked out of the dining-room. '*Shisssssh!* How can you, mother!' she said.

'Ever so sorry, dear,' said Mrs. Cadman, cast down.

'She'd just dropped off,' said Lucille. 'After her bad night and everything. It really does seem hard.'

Mrs. Cadman quite saw that it did. She glanced nervously up the stairs, then edged into the dining-room. It was not cheerful in here: a monkey puzzle, too close to the window, drank the last of the light up; the room still smelled of dinner; the fire smouldered sulkily, starved for coal. The big mahogany furniture lowered, with no shine.

Mrs. Cadman, putting her basket down on the table, sent an uncertain smile across at Lucille, whose glasses blankly gleamed high up on her long face. She often asked herself where Lucille could have come from. *Could* this be the baby daughter she had borne and tied pink bows on and christened a pretty name? In the sun in this very bow window she had gurgled into the sweet-smelling creases of Lucille's neck—one summer lost in time.

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'You have been an age,' Lucille said.

'Well, the shops were quite busy. I never *saw*,' she said with irrepressible pleasure, 'I never *saw* so many people in town!'

Lucille, lips tighter than ever shut, was routing about, unpacking the shopping basket, handling the packages. Chemist's and grocer's parcels. Mrs. Cadman watched her with apprehension. Then Lucille pounced; she held up a small soft parcel in frivolous wrappings. 'Oho,' she said. 'So you've been in at Babbington's?'

'Well, I missed one bus, so I had to wait for the next. So I just popped in there a minute out of the cold. And, you see, I've been wanting a little scarf—'

'Little scarf!' said Lucille. 'I don't know what to make of you, mother. I don't really. How *could* you, at such a time? How you ever could have the heart!'

Lucille, standing the other side of the table, leaned across it, her thin weight on her knuckles. This brought her face near her mother's. 'Can't you understand?' she said. 'Can't you take *anything* in? The next little scarf you'll need to buy will be black!'

'What a thing to say!' exclaimed Mrs. Cadman, profoundly offended. 'With that poor thing upstairs now, waiting to have her tea.'

'Tea? She can't take her tea. Why, since this morning she can't keep a thing down.'

Mrs. Cadman blenched and began unbuttoning her coat. Lucille seemed to feel that her own prestige and Aunt Rosa's entirely hung on Aunt Rosa's approaching death. You could feel that she and her aunt had thought up this plan together. These last days had been the climax of their complicity. And there was Mrs. Cadman—as ever, as usual—put in the wrong, frowned upon, out of things. When Rosa arrived here to stay, Mrs. Cadman had no fun in her home, and now Rosa was leaving for ever it seemed worse. A perverse kick of the heart, a flicker of naughtiness, made Mrs. Cadman say: 'Oh, well, while there's life there's hope.'

Lucille said: 'If you won't face it, you won't. But I must say it does fall heavy on me. . . . We had the vicar round here this afternoon. He was up with aunt for a bit, then he looked in and said he did feel I needed a prayer too. He said he thought I was wonderful. He asked where you were, and he seemed to wonder you find the heart to stay out so long. I thought from his manner he wondered a good deal.'

Mrs. Cadman, with an irrepressible titter, said: 'Give him something to think about! Why, if I'd ha' shown up that vicar'd have popped out as fast as he popped in. Thinks I'd make a mouthful of him. Why, I've made him bolt down the street. Well, well. He's not *my* idea of a vicar. When your father and I first came here we had a rural dean. Oh, he was as pleasant as anything.'

Lucille, with the air of praying for Christian patience, folded her lips. Jabbing her fingers down the inside of her waistbelt, she more tightly tucked in her tight blouse. 'The doctor's not been again. We're to let him know of any change.'

'Well, let's do the best we can,' said Mrs. Cadman. 'But don't keep on *talking*. You don't make things any better. My opinion is, one should keep bright to the last. When my time comes, oh, I would like a cheery face.'

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'It's well for you . . .' began Lucille. She bit the remark off and gathering up the parcels, stalked scornfully out of the dining-room. Without comment she left exposed on the table a small carton of goodies Mrs. Cadman had bought to cheer herself up with and had concealed in the toe of the shopping bag. Soon, from the kitchen came the carefully muffled noises of Lucille putting away provisions and tearing the wrappings off the chemist's things. Mrs. Cadman, reaching out for the carton, put a peppermint into each cheek. She oh so badly wanted a cup of tea but dared not follow Lucille into the kitchen in order to put the kettle on.

Though, after all, Granville *was* her house. . . .

III

You would not think it was her house—not when Rosa was there. While Lucille and her mother were *tête à tête*, Lucille's disapproval was at least fairly tacit. But as soon as Rosa arrived on one of these annual autumn visits—always choosing the season when Mrs. Cadman felt in her least good form, the fall of the leaf—the aunt and niece got together and found everything wrong. Their two cold natures ran together. They found Mrs. Cadman lacking; they forbade the affection she would have offered them. They censured her the whole time.

Mrs. Cadman could date her real alienation from Lucille from the year when Rosa's visits began. During Mr. Cadman's lifetime Rosa had never come for more than an afternoon. Mr. Cadman had been his wife's defense from her sister—a great, red, kind, rumbustious fortification. He had been a man who kept every chill wind out. Rosa, during those stilted afternoon visits, had adequately succeeded in conveying that she found marriage *low*. She might just have suffered a pious marriage; she plainly deprecated this high living, this state of carnal bliss. In order not to witness it too closely she lived on in lodgings in her native town.

But when widowhood left her sister exposed, Rosa started flapping round Granville like a doomful bird. She instituted these annual visits, which, she made plain at the same time, gave her not much pleasure. The journey was tedious, and by breaking her habits, leaving her lodgings, Rosa was, out of duty, putting herself out. Her joyless and intimidating visits had, therefore, only one object—to protect the interests of Lucille.

Mrs. Cadman had suspected for some time that Rosa had something the matter with her. No one looks as yellow as that for nothing. But she was not sufficiently intimate with her sister to get down to the cosy subject of insides. This time, Rosa arrived looking worse than ever, and three days afterwards had collapsed.

Lucille said now she had known her aunt was poorly. Lucille said now she has always known. 'But of course you wouldn't notice, mother,' she said.

Mrs. Cadman sat down by the fire and gratefully kicked off her tight shoes. In the warmth her plump feet uncurled, relaxed, expanded like sea-anemones. She stretched her legs out, propped her heels on the fender and wiggled her toes voluptuously. They went on wiggling of their own accord: they seemed to have an independent existence. Here, in her home, where she felt so 'put wrong' and chilly, they

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were like ten stout confidential friends. She said, out loud: 'Well, *I* don't know what I've done.'

The fact was: Lucille and Rosa resented her. (She'd feel better when she had had her tea.) She should not have talked as she had about the vicar. But it seemed so silly, Lucille having just him. She did wish Lucille had a better time. No young man so much as paused at the gate. Lucille's aunt had wrapped her own dank virginity round her like someone sharing a mackintosh.

Mrs. Cadman had had a good time. A real good time always lasts: you have it with all your nature, and all your nature stays living with it. She had been a pretty child with long, blonde hair that her elder sister Rosa used to tweak when they were alone in their room. She had grown used, in that childish attic bedroom, to Rosa's malevolent silences.

Then she had grown up, full of great cheerful curves. Hilda Cadman could sing. She had sung at parties and sung at charity concerts, too. She had been invited from town to town, much fêted in business society. She had sung in a dress cut low at the bosom, with a rose or carnation tucked into her hair. She had drunk port wine in great red rooms blazing with chandeliers. Mr. Cadman had whisked her away from her other gentlemen friends, and not for a moment had she regretted it. Nothing had been too good for her; she had gone on singing. She had felt warm air on her bare shoulders; she still saw the kind, flushed faces crowding round. Mr. Cadman and she belonged to the jolly set. They all thought the world of her, and she thought the world of them.

Mrs. Cadman, picking up the poker, jabbed the fire into a spurt of light. It does not do any good to sit and think in the dark.

The town was not the same now. They had all died, or lost their money, or gone. But you kept on loving the town for its dear old sake. She sometimes thought: Why not move and live at the seaside, where there would be a promenade and a band? But she knew her nature clung to the old scenes; where you had lived, you lived—your nature clung like a cat. While there was *something* to look at she was not one to repine.

Things went, but then new things came in their place. You can't cure yourself of the habit of loving life. So she drank up the new pleasures—the big cafés, the barging buses, the cinemas, the shops dripping with color, almost all built of glass. She could be perfectly happy all alone in a café, digging into a cream bun with a fork, the band playing, smiling faces all round. The old faces had not gone: they had dissolved, diluted into the ruddy blur through which she saw everything.

Meanwhile, Lucille was hard put to it, living her mother down. Mother looked ridiculous, always round town like that.

Mrs. Cadman heard Lucille come out of the kitchen and go upstairs with something rattling on a tray. She waited a minute more, then sidled into the kitchen, where she cautiously started to make tea. The gas-ring, as though it were a spy of Lucille's, popped loudly when she applied the match.

## IV

'Mother, she's asking for you.'

'Oh, dear—do you mean she's——?'

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'She's much more herself this evening,' Lucille said implacably.

Mrs. Cadman, at the kitchen table, had been stirring sugar into her third cup. She pushed her chair back, brushed crumbs from her bosom and followed Lucille like a big unhappy lamb. The light was on in the hall, but the stairs led up into shadow: she had one more start of reluctance at their foot. Autumn draughts ran about in the top story: up there the powers of darkness all seemed to mobilize. Mrs. Cadman put her hand on the banister knob. 'Are you sure she *does* want to see me? Oughtn't she to stay quiet?'

'You should go when she's asking. You never know. . . .'

Breathless, breathing unevenly on the top landing, Mrs. Cadman pushed open the spare-room—that was the sick-room—door. In there the air was dead, and at first it seemed very dark. On the ceiling an oil-stove printed its flower-pattern; a hooded lamp, low down, was turned away from the bed. On that dark side of the lamp she could just distinguish Rosa, propped up, with the sheet drawn to her chin.

'Rosa?'

'Oh, it's you?'

'Yes, it's me, dear. Feeling better this evening?'

'Seemed funny, you not coming near me.'

'They said for you to keep quiet.'

'My own sister. . . . You never liked sickness, did you? Well, I'm going. I shan't trouble you long.'

'Oh, don't talk like that!'

'I'm glad to be going. Keeping on lying here. . . . We all come to it. Oh, give over crying, Hilda. Doesn't do any good.'

Mrs. Cadman sat down, to steady herself. She fumbled in her lap with her handkerchief, perpetually, clumsily knocking her elbows against the arms of the wicker chair. 'It's such a shame,' she said. 'It's such a pity. You and me, after all. . . .'

'Well, it's late for all that now. Each took our own ways.' Rosa's voice went up in a sort of ghostly sharpness. 'There were things that couldn't be otherwise. I've tried to do right by Lucille. Lucille's a good girl, Hilda. You should ask yourself if you've done right by her.'

'Oh, for shame, Rosa,' said Mrs. Cadman, turning her face through the dark toward that disembodied voice. 'For shame, Rosa, even if you *are* going. You know best what's come between her and me. It's been you and her, you and her. I don't know where to turn sometimes. . . .'

Rosa said: 'You've got such a shallow heart.'

'How should you know? Why, you've kept at a distance from me ever since we were tots. Oh, I know I'm a great silly, always after my fun, but I never took what was yours; I never did harm to you. I don't see what call we have got to judge each other. You didn't want my life that I've had.'

Rosa's chin moved; she was lying looking up at her sister's big rippling shadow, splotched up there by the light of the low lamp. It is frightening, having your shadow watched. Mrs. Cadman said: 'But what *did* I do to you?'

'I *could* have had a wicked heart,' said Rosa. 'A vain, silly heart like yours. I could have fretted, seeing you take everything. One thing, then another. But I was shown. God taught me to pity you. God taught me my

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lesson. . . . You wouldn't even remember that Christmas tree.'

'What Christmas tree?'

'No, you wouldn't even remember. Oh, I thought it was lovely. I could have cried when they pulled the curtains open, and there it was, all blazing away with candles and silver and everything. . . .'

'Well, isn't that funny. I—'

'No; you've had all that pleasure since. All of us older children couldn't take it in, hardly, for quite a minute or two. It didn't look real. Then I looked up, and there was a fairy doll fixed on the top, right on the top spike, fixed onto a star. I set my heart on her. She had wings and long fair hair, and she was shining away. I couldn't take my eyes off her. They cut the presents down; but she wasn't for anyone. In my childish blindness I kept praying to God: If I am not to have her, I prayed, let her stay there.'

'And what did God do?' Hilda said eagerly.

'Oh, He taught me and saved me. You were a little thing in a blue sash; you piped up and asked might you have the doll.'

'Fancy me! Aren't children awful!' said Mrs. Cadman. 'Asking like that.'

'They said: "Make her sing for it." They were taken with you. So you piped up again, singing. You got her, all right. I went off where they kept the coats. I've thanked God ever since for what I had to go through! I turned my face from vanity from that very night. I had been shown.'

'Oh, what a shame!' said Hilda. 'Oh, I think it was cruel; you poor little mite!'

'No. I used to see that doll all draggled about the house till no one could bear the sight of it. I said to myself: that's how those things end. Why, I'd learned more in one evening than you've ever learned in your life. Oh, yes, I've watched you, Hilda. Yes, and I've pitied you.'

'Well, you showed me no pity.'

'You asked for no pity—all vain and set up.'

'No wonder you've been against me. Fancy me not knowing. I didn't *mean* any harm—why, I was quite a little thing. I don't even remember.'

'Well, you'll remember one day. When you lie as I'm lying, you'll find that everything comes back. And you'll see what it adds up to.'

'Well, if I do?' said Hilda. 'I haven't been such a baby; I've seen things out in my own way; I've had my ups and downs. It hasn't been all jam.'

She got herself out of the arm-chair and came and stood uncertainly by the foot of the bed. She had a great wish to reach out and turn the hooded lamp round, so that its light could fall on her sister's face. She felt she should see her sister, perhaps for the first time. Inside the flat, still form did implacable disappointment, then, stay locked?

She wished she could give Rosa some little present. Too late to give Rosa anything pretty now; she looked back—it had always, then, been too late? She thought: you poor queer heart; you queer heart, eating yourself out, thanking God for the pain. She thought: I did that to her; then what have I done to Lucille?

She said: 'You're ever so like me, Rosa, really, aren't you? Setting our hearts on things. When you've got them you don't notice. No wonder you wanted Lucille. . . . You did ought to have had that fairy doll.'

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Germany's Schacht explains how his financial 'miracle' works; a French writer claims that beyond the Rhine they are preparing for the next mobilization day.

# Uneconomic Mobilization

## I. I'm No Sorcerer

*By* Hjalmar Schacht

From the *Sunday Chronicle*, London Independent Weekly

SINCE the Nazi Party came to power in Germany, it has been repeatedly asserted abroad that her finances were taking a hopeless turn and were surely headed for disaster. Germany's economic collapse has been similarly prophesied because of her isolation from world markets. As both these predictions have failed to materialize within the past six years, there is now talk of the German financial 'miracle' for which I am supposed to be responsible.

Actually, however, neither black magic nor artifice have had anything to do with it.

The collapse of German economy after Versailles culminated in the financial crash of 1931. This slump was the death-throes of a misguided political scheme. Commerce was not to blame, least of all Germany's. Consequently, it was a matter for politics rather than economics, and politics succored Germany with the access to power of National Socialism.

Nowhere did the Nazi system act according to a prescribed theoretical program in economic affairs. The idea of financing consumption was set aside in favor of increased production, at first by the work promotion program and then by the big armaments program, which has steadily been extended.

There was no capital available for financing these various projects. On the contrary, funds had to be created.

According to classical laws governing national economy, money may only be created if the goods in circulation have already increased. Above all, sudden extension of credits is banned. In the controlled Nazi economy which is able to prevent price and wage increases, we could risk financing

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the greater production of goods by means of credits.

Rumors abroad as to the extent of this credit policy are very wide of the mark. Once it is possible, in the not too distant future, to publish actual figures, the world will be greatly surprised at how much has been done in the way of work promotion and armaments on relatively small credit stakes.

The risk of such a policy, which from the outset involved billions, could be entered into by the Reichsbank for the sole reason that it had the entire machinery of State behind it in its supreme obligation of saving the currency and controlling credit developments.

On April 1, 1938, the Reichsbank ceased creating funds, and the financing of Government projects is now effected by tax returns and loans. Through a system of liquid investments, the Reichsbank has taken very considerable sums from the money market, that is, working capital of a short-term nature, for financing work promotion and armaments. Consequently, a central control of the money market continues to be necessary, along with the control of the capital market.

It can be seen, therefore, that the Reichsbank is pursuing a very daring policy, the success of which is by no means due to a 'miracle.'

## II

Our 'New Plan' is not a juggling feat either. It is based on the logical acknowledgment that money is not everything, but rather what you can get for it.

There are many commodities which Germany cannot produce, or at least not in sufficient quantities to meet domestic requirements, which she must obtain on an exchange basis. Germany, with her foreign liabilities, can only procure the means of payment for her imports through her exports. Thus her foreign debt service must be no less controlled than her traffic in merchandise.

The classical idea, of course, is that one buys to best advantage where things are cheapest, and that the producer who cannot obtain cash payment for his goods prefers not to sell them. But it is the consumer, not the producer, who is the dominant factor in commercial life. The world cannot afford to forgo a potential market of 80,000,000 people, and if the necessary foreign exchange is lacking to pay for purchases, it is of greater importance to discover which producer is willing to be paid in kind.

I myself have said that my 'New Plan,' with its attendant 'red tape,' is a horrible piece of work, and I still think so. We are definitely not happy to be operating with such methods. But this much can be said for it: the proof of the pudding is in the eating. All the same, I hope it can soon be dropped.

But as long as our shortage of foreign exchange persists, as long as our difficulties in the supply of raw materials continue and the conflict between debt and commercial policy remains unsettled, the New Plan must remain in operation.

It has arisen out of the dire circumstances into which Germany was forced from abroad, and it is unusual only inasmuch as it disregards all preconceived theories.

I do not for a moment dispute the fact that our methods are anything

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but conventional. But Germany today is going through a period of stress, battling for the restoration and the security of the nation.

At such a time measures are apt to be unavoidably rough.

The more the world realizes that a peaceful policy of toleration of mutual interests and understanding for all parties is preferable to attempted force, and the more it is prepared to respect our vital rights and vital possibilities, the more pacific will our methods become.

## II. The Sword on the Scales

*By* Jean Rives

Translated from *Lumière*, Paris Radical Weekly

RUMORS are circulating in Germany to the effect that preparations for the next M-Day have already begun. It is quite probable that February will find a large part of the German army massed on the Eastern frontier. The threat of war is the logical corollary to the agitation now going on in the Polish Ukraine. But it is important to analyze the internal situation that has created the urgent need for new conquests.

Germany has lost her commercial equilibrium. At present, in this country without reserves and without currency, the stability of her economy and, to an even greater degree, that of her domestic policy, is seriously endangered. In order to reëstablish equilibrium, Germany has thrown her sword upon the scales. It is a brutal policy, and one which would normally lead to the aggravation of the economic situation. Is Germany entirely committed to this course? Since she did not choose to follow a saner economic policy after the Munich triumph, one is forced to reply in the affirmative.

Of course, a European war will not pay in the long run. Nevertheless, on the morrow of the Munich Agreement, it has been estimated that up to that point the German War policy has proved profitable. As a result of it, Czecho-Slovakia has been reduced to an agrarian State dependent on the Reich. Czecho-Slovakia out of the way as an industrial competitor, Germany has claimed the Danubian bloc as a market for her exports. In an attempt to do away with the credit policy followed by London and Paris, she has imposed upon Central Europe a barter system which will assure the constant supply of raw materials to Germany's industry, while at the same time providing a market for her manufactured products.

At the time of Minister Funk's October trip through Central Europe, the possibility of a customs union from the North Sea to the Black Sea had been envisaged. Germany was to serve as an agent in the reëxportation of the products furnished to her by the countries under her protection, and the mark was to have been the common currency. This scheme has come up against serious objections from the Danubian countries in question, who wish to preserve a certain amount of independence. Besides, they still have business relations with other coun-

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tries as well. Most important of all, the effects of such a program are not immediately tangible. It can only bring a small measure of relief to present German economic difficulties.

As a matter of fact, although Germany's trade with the Mittel-Europa nations (Rumania, Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria) amounts to 40 per cent of the foreign trade of these countries, it only amounts to 15 per cent of her own total trade abroad. Obviously their present resources will not suffice to fill Germany's growing needs. The latter will have to wait a few years before her efforts to organize these countries economically—an effort already seriously begun in Yugoslavia—will begin to bear fruit. But Germany does not want to wait.

Already her balance of trade shows a deficit of more than $30,000,000 a month on the average. More than half of this deficit stems from Austria, where the anti-Semitic measures have served to ruin that country's export trade. An easy solution to the existing state of crisis seems to be the encouragement of Germany's armaments industry and a constant threat of war exerted on all her neighbors in succession. The extreme elements among the leaders of National Socialism see this solution as the only one.

II

Immediately after Munich it was still possible to abandon this extremist policy. A transformation of War industries into industries of peace could have been achieved—to be sure, an abrupt and painful change to make at the very moment when Germany was bending all her efforts toward the fabrication of *Ersatz* products and of armaments. In October, Germany had her chance to become a peaceful trader ship; but now she is flying the ominous ensign of a pirate.

What new benefits can Germany expect from her latest armaments efforts? The Rumanian oil and the many resources of the Soviet Ukraine are a tempting prey. Hitler has been trying to get Hungary to pull the Bessarabian chestnut out of the fire for him. A better method still is to turn Rumania into a new Spain, as one Nazi leader expressed it. Declaration of war being avoided, the risk of the adventure is greatly reduced. And the example of Spain shows that the economic resources of a country can be controlled without that country being actually occupied. But this enterprise, by which Germany hopes to get control of Rumanian oil as fuel for her next war, is not without difficulties, as is the conquest of the Soviet Ukraine, which is separated from the Reich by several buffer states. And the preliminary stages of this new conquest, such as the annexation of the Polish Ukraine, will effectively drain the coffers of the German treasury.

So that actually the thesis of fruitful conquest is not a defensible one; in order to pursue this rather expensive course, the financial crisis must first be solved. The decision to mobilize, however, is seen as a solution to several other difficulties. Every day one hears something new about the dissension among the standard bearers of the Swastika flag. First of all, the pogroms have not been a great success for Goebbels in his struggle to displace Göring, inasmuch as Hitler was disagreeably surprised by the reaction of foreign countries and of the German people. And certain limitations have

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been imposed upon the activities of the Elite Guards. Another conflict has come up apropos the creation of new military divisions. The Army has asked for a delay, preferring to consolidate the already existing units. This provided Himmler, the chief of the Elite Guards (S. S.), who has long been striving to expand his influence at the expense of the Army, with a good occasion to ask for control of these divisions. It was only after a severe struggle that the General Staff won.

The tension was great, with attempts at arrests and purges on both sides. Both the Army and the S. S. are now organizing feverishly, each trying to win the Führer over to its side. The eventual solution might be to hold him as a hostage.

The lack of money makes the conflict even more urgent. It has been claimed that the budget of the officials must be cut by at least a billion Reichsmarks, and everyone tries to put the burden of the cut on somebody else. The greatest amount of deadwood is found among the Storm Troopers. There is, however, a little difficulty about the cutting down of their expenses since they are the nearest to the treasury. The alternative possibility is the further sequestration of Catholic estates and expropriation of private fortunes. These measures were naturally proposed by the Goebbels-Himmler group, who were immediately accused of wishing to provoke a Communist revolution.

War preparations are expected to do away with these dissensions. Naturally, domestic quarrels stop when a country is drawn into a struggle with a foreign enemy. The Army group, particularly, expects to become all-powerful on the day mobilization takes place. It can then get rid of its adversaries more easily, and illogically enough, 'impose upon the country a peace policy.' This may be an illusion on their part, but it is at any rate a curious one to emanate from a war group. Besides, a declaration of war usually induces a state of euphoria in the financial world, which seems to affect even the grim figures. Realities are clouded over by hopes of conquest.

It seems that Germany, after three years of preparation for war, may now expect her resources to be called upon every three months.

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The eminent British philosopher tells of a successful sociological venture.

# Experiment *in* Happiness

*By* C. E. M. JOAD

From the *New Statesman and Nation*
London Independent Weekly of the Left

IT IS pleasant to turn one's attention from the increasingly efficient organization of mankind for the production of human misery to a small experiment, one of the few inaugurated in our depressing times, for the production of human happiness. This is the Pioneer Health Center at Peckham.

The Peckham Health Center exists primarily to render health services to families in its immediate neighborhood. Since its inception three years ago, 1,100 families have passed through its hands; today some 600 belong to the Center, to which each family pays 1*s.* a week, irrespective of the size of the family. On joining, each member is subjected to a thorough medical overhaul. At its conclusion, the two doctors, a man and a woman, who have examined the various members of the family separately, hold a joint consultation with the family as a whole. The overhaul is repeated annually.

Meanwhile, if anything goes wrong with any member of the family, he informs one of the doctors at the Center, is examined and referred with a report to his own medical officer. The Center does not treat people except for minor ailments and for one or two complaints in which the doctors on the staff happen to have a special interest. It refers them for treatment to their own doctors.

So far as the scientific side of its work is concerned, the Center has two objects: the first practical, the second theoretical.

First, it is believed that most people (*a*) have 'something the matter' with them, but (*b*) that this 'something the matter' is normally not bad enough to induce them to go to the doctor. English people almost invariably take a peculiar pride in holding out against disease until the last moment at which pain or exhaustion compel them to give up. To hang on and not to give in indicates, they think, the possession of a strong will and a dogged spirit. In fact it indicates

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nothing at all but sheer pig-headed foolishness. It is believed (*c*) that, although, while it is in the incipient stage known as the pre-clinical condition disclosed during the overhaul, the 'something the matter' can usually be put right without difficulty, when it has grown bad enough to produce a visit to the doctor, it can be put right only after much trouble and pain, and often not put right at all.

The records of the Center confirm these beliefs. During eighteen months some 10,000 individual examinations were carried out. Of those examined on arrival—and they were, it must be remembered, only a sample cross-section of the population of an ordinary English residential district, consisting for the most part of well-to-do working-class people or of persons belonging to what is called the lower middle class—83 per cent had 'something the matter' with them. The 'something the matter' was usually not serious—it might be flat feet, bad teeth, incipient anaemia, latent heart trouble, varicose veins, potential high blood pressure—but if left untreated it would have grown worse. It was treated either at the Center or by the member's own doctor, with the result that, at the second overhaul, it was found that some 23 per cent of those previously found to be suffering from minor maladies that could be cured were in fact cured.

II

Eighty-three per cent is a staggering figure. The Center is drawn from a by no means impoverished stratum of the community, nor are the maladies which it discovers in any large degree the result of poverty and privation. The wage levels of the members range from about £2 5*s*. to £10 or more a week, the average being about £3 3*s*. a week. What, one wonders, must be the pre-clinical condition of the really poor?

We observe animal species, why not human beings? It may, for example, be possible through observation to determine to what extent psychological conditions tend to cause disease, and the effect which disease has upon the patient's psychological condition. Here, for instance, is an energetic, socially active child who laughs and plays and is always to be found in the gym or the swimming bath. He catches scarlet fever and goes to hospital. When he returns to the Center he is lethargic and solitary. He is examined and it is found that one of his feet is flat and painful to move. The foot is treated with a view to the reëducation of the muscles, whereupon the child again becomes social and active.

The circumstance of observation, not guidance, being the Center's object has a subtle effect upon the atmosphere of the place. The staff think of themselves as entomologists inspecting an ant heap; the members refer to themselves amusedly as cats in the cage, mice in the maze, and so on. Since there is no guidance, there is no government; people do what they like. I would have said that they make their own rules, only I was unable to discover that there were any rules. There is not even representative government through elected committees. Committees or groups are formed by those wishing to play a particular game, to regulate the conduct of the game. Thus there is a darts committee or a badminton committee, but so far as the general run of the place is

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concerned, a harmonious anarchy reigns supreme.

As with the government, so with the tastes and pursuits of the members. At every other social center I have visited some attempt is made to turn the minds of the members to higher things; to induce them to see highbrow plays, to listen to classical music, to read good books. Here there is no such attempt. In the early days, benevolent and upward-looking persons formed a committee to start a library; they even presented books. Nobody read the books, and the library scheme was dropped. Concerts of good classical music were given; few attended the concerts, and now there is a jazz band. But on reflection, I fear lest I may have overstressed the robust lowbrowism of the place. Did I not meet a young artist who was arranging for an exhibition of water colors by painters employed in other occupations?

This rigid abstention from guidance extends to a refusal to give advice, a refusal which has produced one interesting result. I mentioned above that 83 per cent of those examined are found at the end of their first overhaul to need medical attention. The fact was impressed upon them, and they were advised to go to see their doctors, with the result that, over a period of a year, some 35 per cent took the advice. During the last year no advice has been given, members being told that the results of the overhaul were supplied to them for purposes of information only, and that they could act on them or not, as they pleased. As a result, 90 per cent called to see their doctors, an interesting statistical dotting of the *i*'s and crossing of the *t*'s of what we already knew, namely, that everybody hates being given advice and that people show their hatred when they can by refusing to take it.

III

I have spoken hitherto of the medical and scientific aspects of the place, but there is also a vivid social life. Picture to yourself an enormous modern building whose walls appear to be composed almost entirely of glass. In the middle is a large swimming pool; round it are arranged little tables, as at a continental café. Behind the tables a counter runs along the length of the pool, from which one can get a meal, serving and carrying for oneself. There is a license, and beer and spirits can be drunk as well as tea and coffee. There is a big dance hall with an admirable band; there are badminton, billiards, table tennis, whist, darts and a gymnasium. The social side was, I imagine, originally tacked on to the medical experiment as a form of ground bait. People must be amused before they will consent to be made healthy.

In fact, the social life has been such a success that to some it will seem the most interesting side of the whole experiment. Here were a number of families living within the radius of a single square mile, vigorously cold-shouldering, suspecting and refusing to know any of their neighbors. Now picture the same families at the Peckham Health Center. The frost has broken up; people who have lived opposite each other for years meet for the first time, an atmosphere of social geniality is diffused. The increase in human happiness is, I should say, as great if not greater than the increase in human health.

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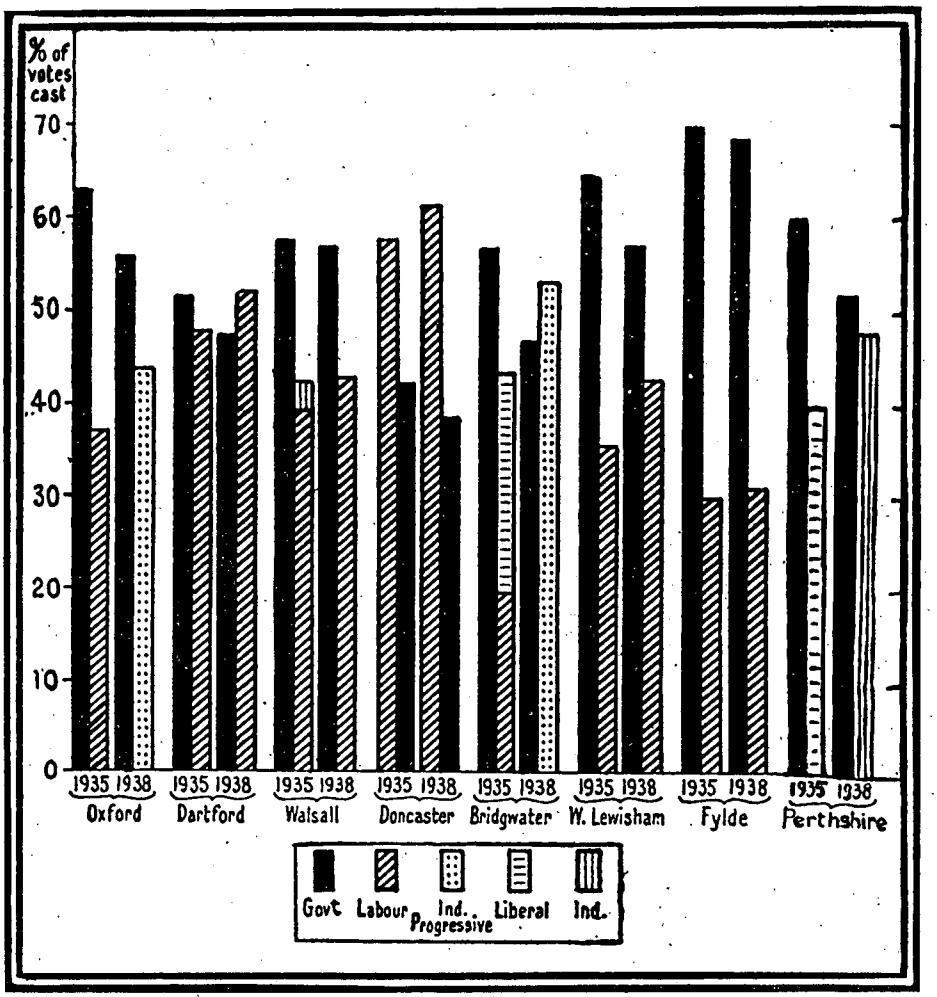
# Britain Reacts to Chamberlain

From the *Manchester Guardian*




This diagram of eight Parliamentary by-elections that have taken place since the Munich Agreement illustrates clearly the country's reaction to Chamberlain's Foreign policy. In each, the Government's share of the total poll has decreased, ranging from a drop of 10 per cent at Bridgwater to less than 1 per cent at Walsall.

This was even true in the case of the Government's apparent victory in Perthshire, where the Duchess of Atholl, running as an Independent against the Government's candidate, was defeated by a margin of 863 votes. The Government's margin of victory was still 8 per cent below the 1935 level when the Duchess of Atholl was the Government candidate.

Another surprise vote was at Bridgwater, where Vernon Bartlett, running as an Independent Progressive, appealing to a Tory constituency, polled 2,332 more than his Conservative opponent.

The diagram takes no account of differences in the size of poll. The total in the eight elections, compared with 1935, was as follows:—

| | *1935* | *1938* |
|---|---|---|
| Government | 205,203 | 196,786 |
| Opposition Parties | 151,155 | 177,246 |
| Government Majority | 54,048 | 19,540 |

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# Persons and Personages

## John of All Trades

*By* S. F.

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

SIR JOHN ANDERSON, the new Lord Privy Seal, is the Edinburgh Wonder. He just keeps on keeping on. He has converted every opportunity into a rung on the ladder of achievement. And looking down from where he has got to on that ladder must make him feel quite dizzy.

But nothing can keep him, or get him down. When he was Governor of Bengal he was the most-shot-at man in the province. But nobody hit him. When he was in Ireland with the Black and Tans, every self-respecting assassin conceived it to be his first duty to plug Sir John. But nobody hit him.

The total and the variety of the jobs that this pushing Scotsman has done in 56 years is quite fantastic.

To look at the long, rather broad face of this middle-aged widower, with its dour mouth and steadfast eyes, you might take Sir John for a Scottish cleric. He does not talk readily and he seems cold and rather hard in his manner. His habits of mind, one imagines, are inclined to be old-fashioned. He prefers mahogany furniture and has a low opinion of women in politics. Apropos of his humor, it has been said of him that 'he is a man who takes some time to laugh at his own jokes.'

His father was an Edinburgh publisher. Young John was the best scholar of his year when he left school at Edinburgh. He completed his adolescent education at Edinburgh and Leipzig Universities, and started in at the Colonial Office in 1905 as a 23-year-old Master of Arts and Bachelor of Science.

He became:

Secretary of the Northern Nigeria Lands Committee in 1909.

Secretary to the West African Currency Committee in 1911.

Principal Clerk in the Offices of the Insurance Commissioners in 1912.

Secretary to ditto in 1913.

Secretary to the Ministry of Shipping in 1917.

Additional Secretary to the Local Government Board in 1919.

Second Secretary to the Ministry of Health, also in 1919.

Joint Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office in 1922.

At the Home Office he must at last have found a room without a draught. At all events he stayed there for ten years.

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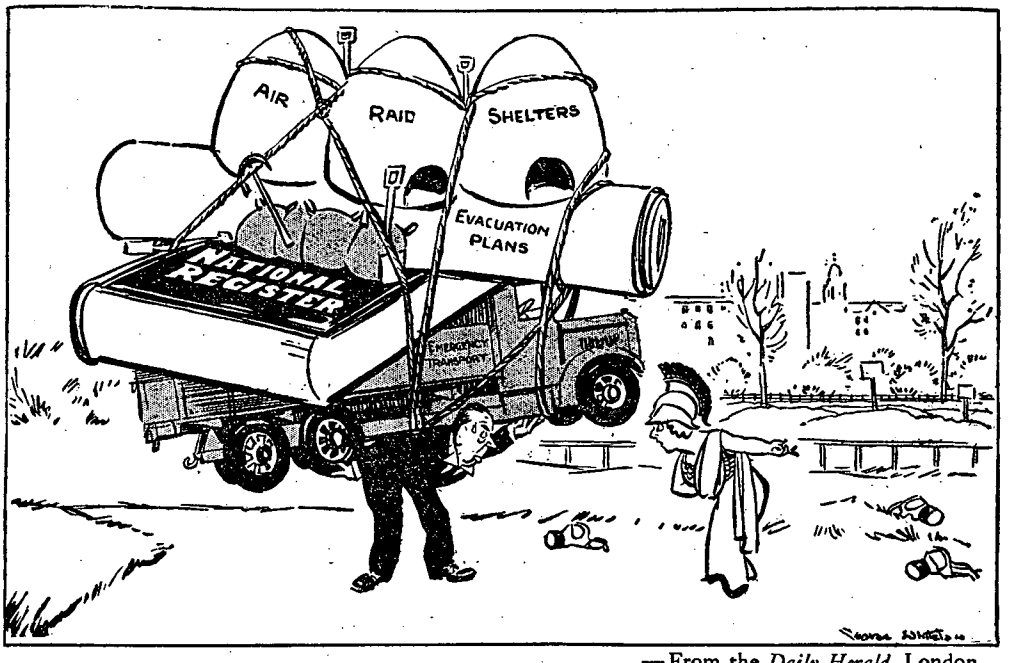
And then, in 1932, at the age of 49, when many men with a quarter of his activities behind them are beginning to think cosily of retirement and intensive rose-culture, Sir John (he acquired his knighthood in 1919) went out to govern the Indian province of Bengal with a population nearly as numerous as that of England.

The expert on 'Law and Order' was not received in India with wild enthusiasm. At home, a Congress leader attending the Round Table Conference objected to his appointment because he was 'a gentleman connected with the administration of the Black and Tans.'

In India terrorism was at its height. Sir John tackled it ruthlessly. Two years before a party of high-school girls had listened wide-eyed to him in a committee room of the House of Commons speaking to them as a Home Office official on the death penalty.

If capital punishment were abolished, Sir John told them, ignoring all the evidence to the contrary from countries where the death penalty no longer exists, England might be exposed to the horrors of lynch law. The law must be observed.

So in India Sir John countered illegal violence with the violence of the law. He earned the name of the 'Iron Man.' Assassins did their




—From the *Daily Herald*, London

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
The cheering Tories hailed you
As superman plus saint.

The tasks they gave you then, John,
Larger and larger grow,
I wonder can you do them all,
John Anderson, my jo?

(With apologies to Burns.)

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damnedest. They blew his train up. They shot at him. But terrorism declined.

During his régime he showed an illogical streak of sentimentality. An Indian was sentenced to death for attempting to shoot him. Sir John reprieved him and two years later released him unconditionally so that he could come to London as a student.

When in December, 1937, Sir John came home from India, a number of prisoners were released. But critics said that this was not so much an act of clemency as a desperate move to relieve unprecedented congestion of the Bengal jails.

The 'Iron Man,' now 56, no sooner returned from India than he launched out on yet another career. On January 1 of last year he was appointed to the Privy Council. Two days later he was made a director of Vickers, Ltd. And four days later he joined the Board of the Midland Bank. In the course of the next three months he was elected 'National' M.P. for the Scottish Universities, accepted, in passing, the deputy chairmanship of the Rudyard Kipling Memorial Fund, and was appointed a director of Imperial Chemical Industries.

In May he actually refused a job, that of the chairmanship of Imperial Airways. But he took on the chairmanship of a Parliamentary Committee to consider civilian evacuation in time of air-raids.

His maiden speech in the House of Commons was notable for a quotation from the poet Robert Browning. It was applied to England, but it sounded autobiographical:—

*One who never turned his back,*
*But marched breast forward,*
*Never doubted clouds would break,*
*Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,*
*Held we fall to rise. . . .*"

But the tongue of the Edinburgh Wonder slipped, and he said, 'We rise to fall.'

No, no, Sir John! Not when you are so high up the ladder. You might break your neck!

## The Tunisian Henlein

*By* Pierre Labey

Translated from *Reflets*, Paris Radical Weekly

A DOUBLE row of plane trees; a terreplein behind a parapet; at one end, the Consulate and at the other, the old port. The avenue Jules-Ferry runs between the two, as if it were a symbol of the bridge between the

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Arab quarter and the outside world. In this street, full of mystery and resounding with continual palavers, where Frenchmen, Italians, Arabs, Jews, Slavs and Orientals elbow one another, beats the pulse of old Tunis.

Here, three years ago, I met for the first time Enrico di Santa Maria, the editor of the Italian journal *Unione*. That day the Jules-Ferry Avenue was in a fever of excitement. Passers-by were tearing the evening papers out of the hands of the newsboys. They were waiting for the *Unione* to come out. What was happening? The Paris dispatches had announced the fall of Addis Ababa, and the entry of the Italian troops into the capital of the Lion of Judea.

I was introduced to Enrico di Santa Maria, who passed by, happy and triumphant.

'You see,' he told me, 'in the face of world opposition, we have conquered Ethiopia. Fascism is on the march!'

I sought some information about di Santa Maria and learned that once he was the director of the Naples *Mattino*. At that time the *Mattino* of Naples had a well-defined rôle in the docile orchestra that was the Italian press. It represented the Francophile tendency. That placed di Santa Maria in the pro-French wing of the Italian press. But I was forced to change my opinion about him. He in reality saw himself as a soldier on an advanced post as a defender of the Italian rights in Tunis.

The Spanish Revolt and Italian intervention caused much excitement in Tunis. The advent of the Popular Front in France and the elevation of Léon Blum to the Premiership had been greeted in Italy with courteous reserve. Certain papers, among them the *Lavoro Fascista*, even tried to present the *expérience Blum* as a victory for Fascism, for they claimed that the Popular Front merely applied under another name the solution already envisaged by Fascism. But the Spanish Revolt put an end to this, since Italy immediately ranged herself on the side of Franco. A few days after the revolt started, di Santa Maria tried to prove to me that the Republicans had already lost.

'Why?' I asked.

'Because,' he told me, 'all the Spanish ambassadors abroad have rallied to Franco's side. Experience has taught me that when ambassadors leave the ship, it is quite sure to sink.'

In these few words, di Santa Maria revealed himself to me as an observant man. Even at that time, I was surprised to see that Italy had sent to Tunis a journalist of his calibre. For then the *Unione* seemed to me only a second-rate paper. Later, I was to find out the reasons. For four years di Santa Maria had not ceased to preach in his paper the Fascist doctrine to an ignorant and credulous crowd, ready to accept his statements as gospel. But recently he jumped into prominence as the

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spokesman of Fascist agitation in Tunisia. He became, in effect, the Tunisian Henlein.

I met him once as he was leaving the Maison de France, in which he had just been defending himself very cleverly against charges of unjustifiable attacks on the Regency. 'Well,' I asked him jokingly, 'when are you going to leave Tunis?'

Enrico di Santa Maria answered: 'I hope to God that they will take some such measure against me. If I am expelled from Tunis, all of Italy will rise united on the problem of Italian rights in Tunis.'

He stopped walking suddenly and said to me: 'Look around you.'

I noticed an air of suppressed excitement along the Jules-Ferry Avenue. There were numerous groups standing here and there. They consisted of dozens of Italians who were surrounding one of their compatriots with the *Unione* in his hands. They listened to the reader in religious silence. From time to time someone would interrupt the reading with the cry of '*Bravo*,' or '*Bene!*' Not one discordant note was apparent. A triumphant smile gleamed in Enrico di Santa Maria's eyes.

'You see,' he told me, 'the *Unione* is more than just a paper. It is a Bible. For the Tunisian Italians, most of whom are illiterate, the *Unione* is as the word of the Gospel. Tomorrow, we need only give the word and all of them will follow us as one man.'

Yet he indignantly denied that his title of 'Tunisian Henlein' is merited and insisted that he is concerned only with the purely local aspect of the dispute.

'Italians in Tunis are not agitating for a change in the territorial status of the French Protectorate,' he said. 'They wish to live here, respecting the laws of the country. We want a return to the conditions of 1868—a direct Italian treaty with the Bey of Tunis, Italian capitulations, independent courts and other rights, such as the British had in Egypt.

'Any demand for territorial changes is not our concern locally; it is a matter for the Italian Government in Rome.'

## Portrait of a Surrealist

From *News Review*, London Political Weekly

ONETIME struggling painter Adolf Hitler despises Surrealist art almost as much as he does Bolsheviks and Jews. With impish regard for this fact an exhibition was staged in London recently by German Surrealist Max Ernst in aid of Jewish refugees from the Third Reich and Czecho-Slovakia.

Pure Aryan Ernst's show was put on at the London Gallery, whose

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Director E. T. L. Mesens recently helped organize Pablo Picasso's exhibition for the benefit of orphans in Government Spain.

If Max Ernst had not decamped to Paris before the Nazi régime, he would have qualified for refugeeship under Hitler on the strength of his weird art and revolutionary notions. '*Ernst*' means earnest or serious, but his work has been highly facetious. Now a revered Old Guard Surrealist, he was a leading light of the riotous Dada movement just after the War. Dadaists aimed at smashing all accepted traditions by preaching that anything was art. They exulted in the ridiculous.

Cologne-born Ernst had his face smashed by a recoiling howitzer while serving with the German artillery at Soissons during the War. When he returned to his native city in the turbulent winter days of 1918, he met two kindred spirits in Artist Hans Arp and a Communist leader named Baargeld. Between them they organized the all-time high in outrageous exhibitions—the Dada movement's Cologne exhibition of 1920.

The full and authentic account of what happened may be found in a recent Surrealist publication. The show was held in a small court at the back of a Cologne restaurant, and the only way into it was through the toilet. Visitors, who had mostly drunk plenty of the café's beer, were greeted on entry by the spectacle of a young girl in nun's clothes reciting obscene verses.

The two main exhibits were Baargeld's *Fluidoskeptick* and Ernst's *Object in Wood*. The *Fluidoskeptick* was a glass tank of water dyed a brilliant red, with an alarm clock at the bottom, a strand of hair floating on the surface, and a projecting model of a human arm.

Attached by a chain to Ernst's substantial *Object in Wood* was a hatchet, which guests were invited to use if they felt inclined. The visitors were delighted. They hacked the *Object* to pieces, smashed the tank and spilled its contents all over the floor.

Police broke up the show on the ground that it was obscene, and selected one picture to justify their action. It was a drawing by German old master Albrecht Dürer.

Max Ernst and Arp went to help kindred spirits in Paris launch the Surrealist movement. Ernst continued to be the wild man of the studios. At one party he turned up in paint-stained rags with his crisp graying hair dyed a brilliant blue. He played the part of a brigand in the Surrealist film *L'Age d'Or*, an anti-religious picture which was suppressed and put on the Catholic Index.

Visitors to the London Gallery last week saw specimens of Ernst's feckless imagination from his Dadaist down to his more restrained, Surrealist days. A fair sample of his work is *The Celibate Elephant*, an early delicacy which reminded some of Field Marshal Hermann Göring.

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Memel is now running through the preliminary stages of an *Anschluss*, while in the Ukraine a German-inspired campaign for autonomy is in progress.

# Hitler's New Horizon

## I. March on Memel

*By* Henry Barde

Translated from *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Political Weekly

On DECEMBER 11th, some 150,000 voters of the autonomous territory of Memel went to the polls to elect a new Diet. Victory went to Dr. Neumann's German Party, so called not because it consisted solely of Germans—all the discontented Lithuanian elements of Memel had rallied around it—but because its aims are definitely German inspired. It was opposed by the Lithuanian parties of Memel: the National Party, the party of land proprietors and two workers' parties. This election, which took place to the cries of '*Heil Führer*' and '*Sieg Heil*'—which have too often been dinned into Europe's ears of late—would ordinarily have been only of minor interest. But Dr. Neumann and his followers had announced that they regarded the election as a plebiscite for the return of Memel to Germany. The creation in the autonomous territory of a National Socialist community, owing allegiance to the 'Führer of all Germans' will make all local government impossible, and will eventually make it all the easier for the Reich to invade Lithuania. The Poland of Colonel Beck and of Marshal Smigly-Rydz will not be able to protest the rape after her own successful ultimatum to the Kaunas Government, following the carving up of Czecho-Slovakia.

Coulondre, France's Ambassador to Berlin, and Ogilvie Forbes, chargé d'affaires of Great Britain, went to the Wilhelmstrasse while the Ambassador of Lithuania betook himself to the Quai d'Orsay. For the Great Powers are not uninterested in Memel's status, which they created. Germany kept a tactful silence. Dr. Neumann, however, had spoken for Hitler when he said: 'The time is ripe for decision in Klaipeda;' presumably the decision will be made in Berlin.

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It is interesting, however, to see just what Memel's status is, what legal rights the Germans are invoking in their secret conversations, and what has been the policy that they have been practicing since 1933 in order to establish a German community in Klaipeda, as in Danzig, which will be able eventually to serve them as another base in their steady penetration of the northeast.

II

The region of Memel [see map on page 542], that the Germans used to call Memelberg and the Lithuanians call Klaipeda, is on the right bank of the Niemen. There are 150,000 inhabitants, of whom 125,000 are Germans. This region was detached from Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, whose authors had at that time hoped for a Polish-Lithuanian union. However, the taking of Vilna by the Poles in 1920, an action characteristic of Polish egoism and opportunism, prevented the realization of this hope. In 1923, there was an insurrection of Lithuanians in the Memel territory; and later Klaipeda and the whole region around it, although originally given autonomous rights, officially joined the Lithuanian Republic. The convention which created this was signed by France, Great Britain, Italy and Japan, but not by Germany. This status of autonomy, the interpretation of which, already before the Nazis had come to power, had caused many difficulties, leaves to Lithuania the duty of defending Memel and gives it jurisdiction over the port, the railroads and the state police, but allows the city and the region around it to have legislative, judicial, administrative and financial freedom. The text of the convention gave the executive power to a Directory of five members, which, however, can only function if it can command the confidence of the Diet. The recent Memel election paralyzed the action of the Directory by depriving it of all parliamentary collaboration.

All this is the work of the 'Horse-doctor Führer,' Dr. Ernst Neumann, who once was a veterinary in the German Army of Occupation, and of his aides Saas and Bertuleit. The three had been condemned in 1934 by Lithuanian judicial authorities for plotting against the State, and were only recently pardoned, with civic rights restored to them.

Those local agitators for establishing closer connections with their 'German brothers across the river' will leave the 'legal' aspects of the annexation of Memel to Germany. Already ominous notes have been sounded in the German press. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* writes: 'The population of Memel has never wanted to live within the framework of the Lithuanian Government. The Treaty of Versailles had not actually incorporated Memel into Lithuania, who had simply taken it during the Occupation of the Ruhr. This annexation was not based either on the will of the people or on historical rights.'

The emissaries of Dr. Neumann will take care of the factual reasons for German intervention in Lithuania. The Lithuanian peasants, for the most part Catholic and illiterate, will be duly intimidated. The Memel Protestants will be constantly impressed with the shame of living under the heel of the illiterate Catholics, and the news of the persecution of the

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Lutheran Church in Germany will be suppressed for their benefit. Already the state police is being refused the right to back up the local police, even in case of riots and insurrections in Klaipeda, which, of course, can always be artificially provoked. Claims will be advanced and are being advanced that the Government of Lithuania has no right to regulate entry and the stay of foreigners on autonomous territory. It will be easy for Germany to fill Klaipeda and the region around it with her own nationals, to get control of the papers—which has already been done—and of the banks—which will be done soon; in short, to pass through all the processes that will in due time make this territory the Reich's private garden in the Baltic region. Under these conditions, the protests of diplomatic representatives of France and Great Britain must seem of no consequence to the German Government.

Meanwhile the Memel territory is running through all the pitiful symptoms preliminary to any '*Anschluss*.' More than 60,000,000 francs have been taken out of the region, to the great embarrassment of the banks. Jewish merchants and industrialists are moving into the interior of Lithuania, which is playing havoc with export trade.

Dr. Smetona, the President of the Lithuanian Republic, is obviously quite ready to make to the Germans of that region all the concessions they demand, in order to keep Memel in Lithuania. And the Lithuanian Foreign Minister has gone even further by saying that he was not adverse to carrying on negotiations with Germany about the interpretation of the Memel Statute, in a light favorable for Germany. As in Danzig, the legislation of the Memel territory will model itself upon that of the Reich. The post of Governor of Memel has been filled by the National Socialist Gailius. But how long will this state of *de facto* subjugation be sufficient for Germany? Danzig, Memel, the Ukraine, all are fruits ripe for the picking. Taking them will merely be a question of time.

## II. Ultimate Ukraine

Special Correspondence to *The Living Age*

NOTHING, perhaps, shows more clearly the influence of Hitlerism in Europe than the amazing progress made by the average European in the knowledge of geography. Only a short time ago scarcely one out of 100,000 men and women knew much about the Sudeten Germans or the precise location of the Carpathian Ukraine. The progress of the Third Reich has rectified such ignorance. Now the reader of a newspaper is dragged, panting, into regions of Europe which he once knew nothing of, propelled solely by the organized will-to-conquer of an imperialistic Power.

The metamorphosis of geographic names is a most significant phenomenon. Czecho-Slovakia is now being written with a hyphen, while Carpatho-Russia is now called Carpatho-Ukraine. It is all a part of a definite

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program. The latter small impoverished country, built around a skeleton of mountain, at the extreme eastern point of Czecho-Slovakia, is today the cynosure of the eyes of the world. It has caused more flow of printer's ink within twenty-four hours than has been used in a whole century. Germany has been showing singular interest in this barren, rugged land. But then the Carpatho-Ukraine is not a goal in itself, but a means to a much larger goal. This miniature Ukraine is rather a symbol of a greater Ukraine, in the future to be economically dependent upon the Reich, if not outright annexed by it. It opens the vistas of fabulous dreams that will become the realities of tomorrow.

The 5,000 square miles of Carpatho-Russia are little less than a tenth of the area of Czecho-Slovakia as created by Versailles. Its population during the last few years has amounted to 800,000 inhabitants, a composite population, reproducing faithfully the character of the ethnic divisions of the land of which she is a part. Besides 500,000 Carpatho-Russians—themselves divided into Great Russians, Ruthenians and Ukrainians—it includes 115,000 Hungarians, most of whom have now been returned to their mother country, 100,000 Jews, 40,000 Czechs,

THE FUTURE GREATER UKRAINE?

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14,000 Germans and about the same number of Rumanians.

Now, this little country, lacking both in ethnic unity and natural wealth, is very important to Germany as a fragment of a potential whole—a possibility long and greedily contemplated. The Carpatho-Ukraine opens the way to the Polish Ukraine with its 5 million inhabitants and to the Russian Ukraine, with more than 36 million souls and incalculable treasures of the soil. It is a key to Lwow in the north and to Kiev and the Donetz basin in the east. This greater Ukraine of the future, to be set up at the expense of Russia and Poland, will pay her debt to Germany by giving the latter practically all the raw materials she desires—iron, oil, livestock and, above all, wheat. Even the mere possibility of possessing this abundance is enough to make the eyes of the inhabitants of the Brandenburg's sterile plains shine with greed.

II

The meager little Ukraine of Czecho-Slovakia, then, is only a cell whose potentialities must be developed. And that is exactly the purpose of Germany's present activities. She encourages the tendency of the little country to become the center of Ukrainian irredentists. That is why she is maintaining secret but powerful contacts with the extreme nationalist Ukrainian elements, fostering national terrorism, in which dynamite and assassination are the preferred means of propaganda. There is no doubt that the Carpatho-Ukraine has now passed into the German sphere of influence. Augustin Volosin, the priest who bears the comic operetta title of the President of the Council of Ministers of Carpatho-Ukraine, is a creature of Berlin. He tries to justify his allegiance to Germany by painting for his followers a beautiful picture of the future of Ruthenia, under the protection of Germany, with the construction of roads, development of industries, et cetera.

All this is very nice for Berlin, but does not suit Warsaw at all. Poland is aware of the threat to her own Galicia where the Ukrainian nationalist movement is backed by a strong economic organization. It is impossible for a Ukrainian in East Galicia to escape membership in the Ukrainian retail coöperatives. And working hand in hand with the coöperative system is the great Ukrainian party U. N. D. O. (Ukrainian National Democratic Organization), which is anti-Warsaw, anti-Moscow, has definite underground connections with Berlin and still maintains well trained terrorist groups ready for action any hour. Beck's recent attempt to create an obstacle to the German drive to the East by soldering the alliance between Poland and Hungary has failed. Berlin still commands the access to the Ukraine. Poland is at last becoming aware of Germany's infernal skill in brewing dissension abroad by pretending to aid minorities. She is beginning to understand how blind she was when she had allowed the same game to be played in Czecho-Slovakia.

The lack of solidarity in the Slavic world before the German terror will be a puzzle to the future historian of the dramatic year of 1938. And the blame will be divided equally between both Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, each of whom had its own Sudeten problem. The cession of Teschen at the right

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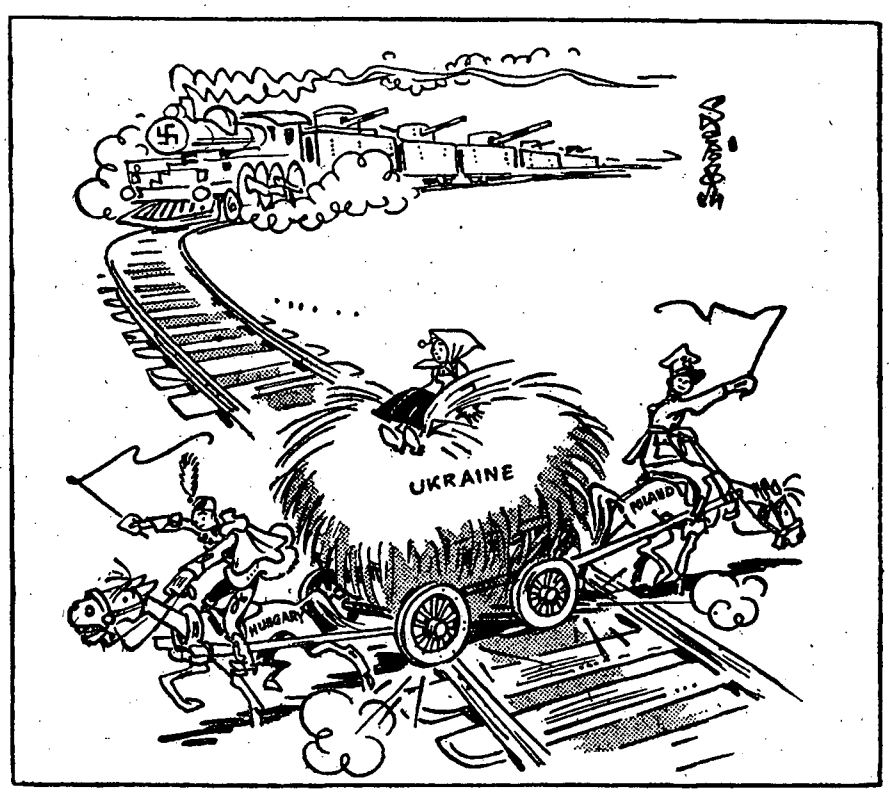
time could have saved Reichenberg and Carlsbad; and with Czecho-Slovakia intact, Warsaw wouldn't have had to fear the autonomist Ukraine agitation that is now developing on her soil. It is this belated realization and fear before the Ukrainian demands, which threaten equally Moscow and Warsaw, that has caused Poland to seek comfort from the Soviets.

Of course, in the case of Russia, Germany faces greater difficulties. It is hard enough for anyone to attempt anti-Soviet propaganda in the vast and hermetically sealed realm of the Soviets. Besides, to this day the Germans are in bad odor as the people who tried to reinstate the great landowners in the Ukraine. It is possible that the Nazi drive to the East will eventually develop into a terrific conflict between the Germanic and the Slavic worlds.




Sopajou in the *North-China Herald*, Shanghai

BERLIN-KIEV EXPRESS

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About a man who for one dark moment saw himself with the powers of a god.

# Deus *ex* Machina

*By* Stephen Spender

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

He was disappointed with himself, because, however hard he looked at it, the figure of the charioteer disappointed him. What he had admired in the photographs, the strict rigidity of the head, emphasized by the parallel, almost vertical lines of the tunic, the entire unaffectedness of the hands simply holding the broken reins, the darkness and staring singleness of the whole posture, was now spoiled for him by the discoloration of the metal, its jagged breaks, the ineptness of the museum wall behind, the presence of surrounding pieces of statuary all claiming his attention. He had traveled so many miles, but he could not live up to this moment anticipated since years. He stared at the figure, admitting that all he had expected was there, trying to concentrate, shutting everything else out from his mind. Now it became completely meaningless, riding away on unfocused waves of space, wearing its archaic, slightly triumphant, almost ironic smile which withheld all significance.

He walked out into the blinding light, stumbling among the broken ruins of houses and temples. One temple stood four-squarely to the wind, its triangular roof and partly restored fluted columns facing the top of the valley where the road wound through olive groves into the bare, irregular mountains. Near to it some peasants, carrying spades and pickaxes, were hewing at the stony ground; a woman collected the stone and rubble in a basket. Behind the peasants, and larger than them, was the marble statue of a seated headless matron in flowing robes, a hole in the left shoulder where the socket of the arm had been inserted. The marble figure was not young or slender, but even in its mutilated form it had a certain fluid transparency, like a large white cloud in a sky full of such clouds, which made the kerchiefed working woman standing between him and it seem small, black, dirty, gawky.

The whole untidy mass of marble rubbish deposited on the hill, here the

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foundations of a house, here the beginnings of a road, here a pit full of broken fragments, everywhere a sense of upturned paving stones; the whole scene, he thought, turning away, had none of the slum-like intimacy, the wiry humanity, of modern untidiness and rubbish heaps; rather it was like a scattered evening sky, or blocks of shattered ice being carried down a river in spring sunlight.

But it all left him cold, as did the charioteer with his balanced, judging eyes, quite unaware that the plunging horses which dragged him through another place and time had been broken off and he had been left floating in the rubbish heap of a museum of the sky.

II

On the sides of the mountain, the ruins of Delphi seemed small, and the German émigré who walked away from them wearing his shabby tourist's uniform of tweed, his rucksack, his spectacles, his short russet bristling beard, his camera, and carrying his stick, felt like a small ruin of a civilization, too. He walked away up the road through the little modern village with its two hotels looking across the valley to Parnassus.

When he reached the last sentinel-like stone house, poised above the valley, he saw for the first time the eagles —four of them. They circled above the valley, like kites tugged at by the string of their magnifying eyes attached to some spot on the ground, hundreds of feet below. There the valley deepened and grew greener and unfolded, a few creases still left in it, and divided by the river, until its ragged edge lay against the glass sea. Beyond the stretch of coast, the mountains receded and lay like a great curtain with rich folds drawn sideways above the dramatic plain, and the mouth of the river.

Where he walked now was a grassy upland, the road broad and comfortable, on either side of it fantastic cattle grazing, tufted colored goats, horned sheep and highland cows with thick matted hair and great corkscrew-shaped horns. All the cattle wore bells, and their tinkling produced a sustained, transparent blur, like a sheet of colored flowers—say harebells. But above this thin-drawn, almost continuous note, he heard the piping of the shepherds and then above the tinkling and piping a whistling of other shepherds, sharp and thin as whips, and occasionally, too, their brusque flat shouting, as they called across to each other from side to side of this hollowed upland, perhaps half a mile broad.

He seemed merely to have turned a corner and at once entered a landscape of music with four distinct concurrent themes, massed instruments in an orchestra, the bells, the pipings, the whistling and the shouts. So strong was this impression that on the road which, as it were, bisected the symphony, he felt that the longer notes of bells and pipings formed a lower clef beneath him, while the whistling and shouts formed an upper clef above him.

Just as in a visual landscape it is impossible to think of oneself as not being part of that which is seen, so in this aural landscape he had an aural vision of himself. He wondered what instrument he might represent. Really though, his note only existed in his mind; it was the lines of the clef running through the notes, or even, like

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the road, the empty space between the clefs.

He reached a bend where the road swept away from the view along the turn of the mountain side. The music stopped as instantly as it had begun, for the road now emerged from the slight hollow of the upland which held the sound as a shallow lake holds water, and the whole view of valley, mountains and sea presented itself, with the eagles still circling above the stream. He was tempted to go further, but the sky had clouded and a rumbling of thunder warned him to go back. He waited at the edge of the road, breathing the now agitated air and looking at the view here where it was best.

At the edge of the road there was a shallow trench dug as an improvised drain out of the loose, broken stones. The scratch of a faint shadow, the suggestion of a minute rasping noise, made him look down at two beetles which were scrambling amongst the stones, rolling between them a rounded, oval-shaped pellet of dung. They worked with the inexhaustible, mechanical patience of their shut-in world, totally preoccupied with manipulating a packing case considerably larger than themselves among a valley of gigantic boulders. They did not attempt to consider any solution of problems which presented themselves, they showed not the slightest grasp of the realities of their situation, but like uncompromising idealists simply proceeded along the direct line of an abstract idea which refused to admit of any obstacles.

Again and again, not noticing that the way was flat and clear on either side, they forced the pellet up the side of one particularly large stone. As soon as it had reached the top it rolled down again, bringing them with it; finally, it happened to roll rather further than before, with the result that in pushing it forward, quite by accident, they circumvented the stone and made some progress until they came to another similar obstacle.

III

The émigré watched the insects with something more than curiosity, with a certain passion of malice. Their concentration, their power of acting in abstraction drew his attention like a magnet. Their patience and their impotence, the seeming futility of their efforts which were yet crowned with a certain measure of success, made him smile ironically. He stood above their world and yet he felt himself able to understand it. He was a god, he could easily perform a miracle which would astonish them utterly; he could sever their connubial bliss, he could rob them of the fruit of their labors, he could widow either of them or destroy them both.

With a curved smile, he prodded their little pellet with the ferrule of his stick. As he did so, touching their world, he felt a slight apprehension. Aware of his own power, he was aware, too, of the power of insects which crawl across the untouchable faces of the human dead, and whose militarized mechanical patterns of society survive, while civilizations perish.

Robbed of their life's object, the beetles stayed perfectly still, a little raised on their back legs with their antennæ lifted, like field radio stations. A message seemed to arrive, for a moment later they were scrambling in their senseless, rickety way across stones to

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the ball, to which they attached themselves, waiting a moment before beginning their Sisyphus act again. Annoyed that his spite should have proved so ineffective, the German lifted his stick again and this time flicked the ball much further and watched it roll into a crevice. The beetles were thrown over on to their backs, where they lay perfectly still with their legs held downward, pretending to be dead. Then they suddenly came to life again; but this time they moved in hurried zigzags of clockwork agitation, and it was some seconds before they discovered the ball of dung. Now they seemed to crouch over it in a protective and threatening attitude, with a new awareness of danger.

The thunder groaned more loudly, there was an inhuman tension in the air, like the tiny stored up passion of the insects immensely magnified. The émigré looked down the road anxiously, aware that he was experiencing a momentary sensation like madness, in which he did not wish to be observed. No one was coming. He picked up some stones and threw them at the beetles. The avalanche rocked them away from the ball and they immediately lay on their backs assuming the posture of death. He poked one of them with the ferrule of his stick; it did not move, but immediately he took the stick away, it turned over and started trying to escape.

He took a handful of earth and stones and threw them with all his force, burying the beetles. Then, with his stick, he carefully exhumed them; but the bombardment which, on a human scale, would have destroyed an army or a city had left them quite unharmed.

Trembling with a veiled indignation, this time he planted the ferrule of his stick firmly against the center of each of their bodies in turn and crushed it against the ground. There was an enormous clap of thunder and he started running back along the road to his hotel, guilty of an infinitesimal murder, something, which in spite of his strained smile he knew had cut a window into some darkness of his mind where he saw himself with the powers of a god, using them, like all the gods, only to destroy.

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Britain claims that she is maintaining neutrality; Japan doubts it deeply.

# Japan *versus* Britain

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## I. England Expects . . .

*By* H. G. W. Woodhead

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

THE psychology of a nation involved in large-scale hostilities can hardly be expected to be normal. And it is no unusual phenomenon to find a people thus situated suspicious and resentful of neutrals. This was certainly the feeling of the British toward America during the first two-and-a-half years of the Great War.

A similar situation has recently arisen in Japan. Great Britain and British policy have been the principal targets of Japanese criticism, though America, France and Russia have also had their turns. Before making a brief analysis of Japan's complaints against Britain, however, it may be as well to define the British attitude. The British Government, and an overwhelming majority of the British public, both in the United Kingdom and in the Dominions, regard the present hostilities as being quite unjustified, and as having been provoked by Japan. Consequently their sympathies, in the main, are with China. The British Government, however, after its experience with the application of sanctions against Italy, is convinced of their futility unless they are sufficiently watertight to enforce a stringent economic blockade, and, therefore, has limited its action to professions of sympathy with China, and the endorsement of the rendering of such assistance to her by Britons and others, as can be given without actual departure from neutrality. Except for charitable and humanitarian assistance, most British aid to China has been almost entirely upon a commercial basis. Like America, Britain has been willing to furnish raw and manufactured commodities—including some types of war material—to either country, provided satisfactory arrangements for payment are made.

As the first Power to force open the door to foreign trade in China, and as a result of almost a century's development of her commerce with this country, Great Britain has acquired im-

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portant trading, financial and other vested interests here. Though she has been overtaken, in the volume of her trade, by some competitors, her shipping interests continued to exceed those of any other nation. In a conflict so destructive as that which has been raging between China and Japan for nearly eighteen months, it was inevitable that British interests should suffer very seriously.

Enforcement by the Japanese of patently discriminatory policies toward British and other neutral trading interests—as for example in the attempt to foist upon China a blocked currency, embargoes upon and the licensing of exports, and the restrictions still imposed upon industry and residence in the Hongkew district of Shanghai—have, not unnaturally, aroused keen resentment in British commercial circles.

Regarded from the British viewpoint, many of Japan's criticisms against Great Britain appear to be curiously illogical. Perhaps the most oft-repeated grievance is that the British are friendly toward, and have assisted, General Chiang Kai-shek. This dates back prior to the outbreak of hostilities, when resentment was voiced at Britain's financial coöperation with China in the development of communications and industries, and her alleged assistance in bringing about the managed currency system. To this charge one may well reply by asking why Britain should have been other than friendly to the head of a Government with whom she was on terms of amity? In coöperating in promoting progress and efficiency Great Britain was furthering the legitimate interests of all Powers with important trading interests in this country, and in a stabilized China she could not hope to compete on equal terms with a country possessing the advantages of Japan. When hostilities between Japan and China broke out, Britain had no quarrel with Chiang Kai-shek, and saw no reason for changing her policy.

II

Next to Britain's alleged friendship for Chiang Kai-shek, Japan's most serious grievance would appear to have been the use of Hong Kong as an entrepôt for China's import and export trade—especially the import of war materials—following the so-called 'Peace Blockade' of the China coast by the Japanese Navy. The fact that Japan abstained from declaring war precluded her interfering with neutral shipping bound to or from Chinese ports, or—on the principle of 'Ultimate destination'—with vessels carrying war materials to Hong Kong, for trans-shipment to Canton. To suggest that the British Government could, or should, have barred the use of Hong Kong as an entrepôt reveals extraordinary ignorance of the situation. Britain is not a party to the hostilities with China, and so long as she remains neutral, it is impossible for her to close Hong Kong to imports intended for China.

A further Japanese grievance is the alleged obstruction of the British to Japanese plans in connection with the Customs' administration and the administration of the International Settlement at Shanghai. As regards the first, having been responsible for the building up of the Customs, and having substantial interests in the disposal of the Customs' revenues, it is hardly surprising that Britain should

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not regard those revenues as spoils of war. She has, however, adopted a reasonable attitude—what the Chinese in fact regard as an unneutral attitude—in regard to the disposal of surplus Customs' revenues in areas under Japanese occupation. Much of the present friction and misunderstanding between Japanese and neutral authorities must be attributed to the Japanese assumption that they have been fighting the battles of other Powers as well as their own. An additional grievance among neutrals is what appears to them to be unnecessary obstruction offered by the Japanese services to such revival of industry, trade and shipping as is practicable. An example of this is the continued refusal of the Japanese Navy to permit neutral vessels to ply between Shanghai and the lower Yangtze ports.

The veto that is still imposed upon neutral shipping in the lower Yangtze, and upon the reoccupation of residences and business premises in the Treaty Ports, is the more resented because it is reported that Japanese traders are going inland in no small numbers and that commercial cargoes are being handled on regular bills of lading by Japanese vessels. If the danger of floating mines is the real reason, why, it is asked, can Japanese merchant shipping take risks which are forbidden to foreign ships?

The attempt to replace the Chinese national currency with notes issued by the Federal Reserve Bank can only succeed, if at all, if currency restrictions, glaringly discriminatory against non-Japanese traders, are imposed. Japanese resentment at the unwillingness of foreign banks and mercantile houses to commit suicide, for that is what it would mean, seems illogical.

Embargoes upon classes of exports in which British, American and other firms have been trading for many decades, such as have been imposed in northern ports, and the delays and frictions caused by the system of naval permits in force in Tsingtao are not unnaturally opposed by neutral traders. Application of a Japanese censorship to incoming and outgoing foreign mails and cables is also a source of constant irritation, especially the erratic manner in which it is applied.

These are but a few of the grievances, not only of Britons, but of all neutrals, in China. And it is worth considering whether Japan will derive any benefit from perpetuating them. All Japanese economists appear to hold the view that the investment of much foreign capital will be required if development projects in North China and elsewhere are to materialize. Yet investors are shy birds. The Japanese cannot take it out of foreign traders on the one hand, and on the other, expect foreign investors to furnish the capital to assist in the operation of monopolistic or discriminatory enterprises.

In conclusion it may be stated that though the British are realists, and will not permit their sympathies with China permanently to dominate their commercial and financial relation with this country, coöperation with the Japanese by investment or otherwise must be regarded as a very remote possibility as long as they feel that their interests are being deliberately obstructed, or ignored. If Japanese policy aims at coercing them into such actions it must inevitably fail. But

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there is a large field in which friendly coöperation could be developed if Japan gave convincing proof of her willingness to recognize, and refrain from injury to, legitimate third-Power rights.

## II. Japan Expects . . .

*By* Itsuki Onishi

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

With no small measure of respect, the writer has read the article, written by Mr. H. G. W. Woodhead, resident for more than thirty years in China and widely recognized authority on Chinese affairs. It seems to him that Mr. Woodhead has failed to set forth anything regarding British contentions and desires that goes beyond what many other Englishmen have advanced. This is not meant to minimize the value of his article. On the contrary, it has the definite value of confirming authoritative British views regarding Anglo-Japanese relations with reference to China. These views must be known and compared with those of Japan before one can realize that the current friction between Japan and Great Britain, with its attendant misunderstanding and ill-feeling, has its basis in the fundamental difference between the positions taken by the two countries toward the conflict in China.

To begin with, it is well to point out that the China Incident is in no sense of simple origin. It evolved from an accumulation and interaction of various complicated causes and effects. The immediate cause was the aggressive attitude of diverse anti-Japanese elements in China which had united with the avowed object of making war on Japan, but world conditions in general were responsible indirectly.

Everyone recognizes that the radical changes in the world situation after the Great War brought economic liberalism to an impasse, with resultant intensification of antagonism among nations through formation of various economic blocs and erection of high tariff barriers. The present political unrest in Europe is a direct development of the irrationality of the Versailles peace structure, which now has collapsed completely through the spectacular rise of the reconstructed Germany, creating a widespread demand for some new scheme for European rehabilitation. Equally well-known is the adverse effect of the rapid progress of Japan on the Anglo-American policy of pressure on this country in connection with China and naval disarmament, which reached its peak in the Washington Conference of 1921–22. Nor is there much need to call attention to the simultaneous engendering in the Orient and the Occident of antagonism between the 'have' and 'have-not' nations. These currents in international life during the past two decades are mentioned only to show that the causes of the Sino-Japanese conflict go around the world.

Thus Japan cannot be expected to accept the assumption, held especially in Great Britain and her dominions and colonies and in varied forms in

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many other countries of Europe and America, that what Japan is doing in China is wholly unjustified and caused solely by Japanese provocation. In part, that assumption is based on another assumption that is equally false, namely, that Japan's relations with China are qualitatively the same as Britain's. Those of Japan are a matter of life and death to it; those of Britain self-admittedly are only a matter of commerce and trade. The very existence of Japan is dependent on a peaceful and friendly China that is free from all influences prejudicial to the tranquillity of not only China but the whole of East Asia; but the British easily could afford to forget their interests in China were their existence as a nation threatened elsewhere.

It is quite true that Britain was the first Power to open the door of China to foreign trade. Through development of commerce over almost a century, it has built up important trading, financial and vested interests.

Realizing this, Japanese are inclined to sympathize with Britain in her extreme apprehension, tinged with resentment, regarding the spread of hostilities in a region which it regards as a sphere of her influence, especially as it is contrary to the British belief in maintenance of the *status quo*. But this does not prevent them from wondering whether Britain ever made an earnest endeavor to help prevent the hostilities and whether the attitude she has shown since they started could be called proper.

II

As soon as the China Incident began, the United States assumed strict neutrality, which it has implemented with necessary measures and maintained consistently. British and American interests in China are far from being of the same extent, however, and the two countries hardly could be expected to adopt identical policies. In thinking of British policy toward the China Incident, what we have in mind is the assistance given by Britain to Chiang Kai-shek, assistance that went very far even before the hostilities started and has continued.

Mr. Woodhead claims that the resentment of British aid to Chiang Kai-shek expressed frequently in Japan dates back much earlier than the hostilities, notably in connection with financial coöperation in the development of communications and industry and assistance in bringing about the managed currency system. Then he asserts that there has been no British help since the conflict started. But the Japanese cannot accept at face value any contention that Britain is adhering strictly to neutrality. Not only has she continued to assist Chiang Kai-shek, but the help given by her in the past was instrumental in part in bringing on the hostilities. Thus Japanese feel that Britain is partly to blame for the Incident.

So long as it assists the Chiang Kai-shek régime, even in ways not going beyond those in force before the fighting started, Japanese cannot help but suspect that Britain is thoroughly in connivance with that régime in its continued resistance against this country. Even granting that it approximates the truth, the Japanese people cannot accept easily Mr. Woodhead's explanation of British neutrality, for their suspicions regarding the attitude of Britain are too strong to be dispelled by words that are not accompanied by concrete demonstrations. In brief,

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Britain claims that she is maintaining neutrality, and Japan doubts it deeply.

III

Professing neutrality, the British are demanding that Japan protect their rights and interests in China and restore their property and privileges in areas where actual fighting no longer is in progress. But the nation to which they are addressing these demands is engaged in a life-or-death struggle with China. As the Chiang Kai-shek régime continues to attempt protracted resistance with foreign aid, Japan must for a time longer devote her entire strength to crushing it, regardless of the cost. Thus she is in no position to meet at the moment demands such as those of the British, which could have been made only in disregard of the actualities in China and the general sentiment of the Japanese people.

There also is complaint against the currency issued by the Federal Reserve Bank of China and the policy toward it followed by Japan. The new currency system was instituted as an essential and effective way of dealing a fatal blow to the Chiang Kai-shek régime. Though it may have various undesirable effects in the present complicated conditions, making accomplishment of the objective by no means easy, Japan must of necessity pursue this currency policy and remove all obstacles to its success. It is not strange, however, that Mr. Woodhead, a British subject, finds distasteful the Federal Reserve Bank of China, the existence of which is in direct opposition to the British-supported currency system of the Chiang Kai-shek régime.

In addition to these matters, Mr. Woodhead gives attention to administration of the Chinese Maritime Customs, Japanese control of certain British-financed railways, navigation of the Yangtze, the supplying of arms and munitions to General Chiang's forces, the Chinese Communist Party and Japanese control of postal and telegraphic communications.

The Customs revenues are in no way looked upon by Japan as spoils in an undeclared war. Transfer of the Customs' administration to the new Chinese régimes was essential in order to deal a blow at the Chiang régime. With regard to the British-financed railways, the Japanese are unable as yet to accede to the British demand for restoration of control over them, with the appointment of British technical superintendents, for even now fighting is occurring along them and they are being used to move troops and military supplies. Japan has absolutely no thought of violating British rights and interests by controlling these lines permanently.

Shipping on the lower Yangtze is understood to have been one of the principal topics in the recent conversations in Tokyo between General Kazushige Ugaki, then Foreign Minister, and Sir Robert Craigie, the British Ambassador. What Mr. Woodhead resents is that Japan, while prohibiting the navigation of neutral shipping on the river, which is guaranteed by treaties, and the return of foreign nationals to their residences and resumption of business in the Japanese-occupied districts, ignores the streaming inland of Japanese traders in large numbers and the handling of commercial cargoes on regular bills of lading by Japanese

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vessels. To the writer, his complaint is beside the point. The Japanese commercial vessels on the Yangtze are not there for purposes of trade but for carrying munitions and provisions to the forces at the front. In performing this vital function, they must necessarily take whatever risks they may encounter.

Incidentally, it seems of interest that the Japanese cannot recall having heard of any British grievance against the placing of barriers across the lower Yangtze by the Chinese at the outset of the hostilities. Thus they are inclined to question the real motives of the British Government in approaching Japan on this matter.

As the most efficacious antidote for Communism in China, some quarters advocate resumption through the coöperation of friendly Powers of the work of building up the country that was in progress before the hostilities. There is much truth in this, but it does not follow that it must be pursued under the Chiang régime. Any threat to that régime of domination by the Communist Party is of General Chiang's own making, for he provoked the present conflict by allowing himself to be inveigled by the Communists into scheming against Japan. As far as this country is concerned, the Chiang régime and the Chinese Communist Party are one inseparable enemy.

The writer has expressed freely and without reserve his opinions of Mr. Woodhead's contentions without much regard for their context, for which he apologizes. He confesses, however, that examination of those contentions has made him feel more keenly than ever the great difference which a difference in position produces in views and opinions. The English commentator intimates that there are certain curious illogical points in what Japan declares and wants. From the Japanese position, there seems to have been an even more obvious lack of reasoning in the attitudes of some of the major Powers towards the situation in Europe. In the Sudeten affair, for example, the Japanese observer gained the impression that the settlement was based on sheer force of illogical expediency in the face of imminent danger. Views born of different standpoints seem inevitably to diverge.

To summarize, what Japan wants in the current incident is neither territory nor controlling power over the whole of China. It aspires to crush once and for all the anti-Japanese elements in China, whose influence is incompatible with Japan's well-being, and then to adjust Sino-Japanese relations on a basis of mutual amity and coöperation in order that peace in East Asia may be stabilized.

In concluding his article, Mr. Woodhead suggests that there remains a large field for friendly coöperation between Japan and Britain if the former gives convincing proof of willingness to recognize the legitimate rights of third Powers in China and refrains from injuring them. Such coöperation is desirable beyond the shadow of a doubt. Its accomplishment is obstructed, however, by the mutual ill-feeling engendered by past disagreements. If Britain really desires tranquillity in East Asia, would it not be advisable for it to examine carefully the basic factors of Anglo-Japanese relations in a conscious effort to prevent becoming engrossed in the short-sighted policy of looking after only its own immediate interests?

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An eminent Irish writer tells about his country, now beginning a new era.

# *In the* Celtic Twilight

*By* WALTER STARKIE

From the *Quarterly Review*, London Political and Topical Quarterly

NOWADAYS it is a decided advantage for a country not to be 'front page news,' for then people begin to imagine that it is an abode of peace. For some years past English and American newspapers have paid scant attention to Irish affairs, unless occasionally to report a stray dictum of Mr. De Valera. We were allowed to rest safe and sound in the midst of our Celtic twilight. The world's press has given up considering Ireland from a news point of view; but from time to time it gives the country credit for its horses and its sweepstakes. A modern Swift would insist on rewriting the ancient Dean's version of Gulliver's adventure in the land of the Houyhnhnms and bringing the philosophical horses up to date. Nowadays the horse is considered the true arbiter of Ireland's destiny, and in the recent senatorial election it was a well-known horse-breeder who topped the poll as the representative of culture and education.

Ireland in these days of European stress is rapidly becoming a paradise for those who wish to forget for a moment the threats of war. 'What a relief it is to arrive in the island of the bards!' said an unkempt English traveler to me at five o'clock in the morning during Horse Show week. We were standing on the deck of the London, Midland, and Scottish mail boat. It was pouring with rain and a mist hid the beautiful coastline. My friend continued:—

'Life in London is becoming intolerable. The newspapers have made our flesh creep so often that we have no reactions left. Some of them blare at us in headlines; others snap at us; others again pontificate, telling us that it is wiser to face an unmistakable situation in its whole truth and gravity than to deceive ourselves. Give me the most rabid Sinn Feiner in Ireland; his conversation will be sweet as balm after London's small-talk on Hitler and Mussolini.'

In recent months we have had a succession of local excitements. First,

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there was the election, an election snapped by the Government on a minor issue to secure a working majority. In the election everything went according to plan. The Anglo-Irish agreement had been made, and so what could be more natural than that Mr. De Valera should go to the polls to ask the people to ratify it? A strange election, it is true, for one heard passionate appeals by Government spokesmen to the ex-Unionist class—appeals that some years ago would have seemed exaggeratedly fulsome, even from the Cosgrave Government. On polling day, in the recent election, it was instructive to watch the steady procession of ex-Unionists, landed gentry, die-hards, voting for Mr. De Valera. The term ex-Unionist is very unscientific, but it possesses a special connotation in Ireland, where it is applied indiscriminately to all those who were not with the National movement in the years of trouble.

II

At the present time Mr. De Valera's face looms over Southern Ireland like the face of Dante in medieval Italy —the face of an ascetic, a dreamer, with more than a touch of grimness about it. Lately in Ireland he has assumed the value of a symbol and he has become the 'leader' in the sense that Parnell and O'Connell were leaders. He is very reserved in manner but courteous. He reminds me sometimes of Dr. Salazar, the Dictator of Portugal. Like Dr. Salazar, he is professorial, and there is something of the mystic about him. Since the election he has been known to smile. And well he may, for as a result of the Anglo-Irish agreement the country may look forward to an era of peaceful development. Today Mr. De Valera is the chief and the only person who counts. He embodies the one-man system. 'If all Ireland cannot rule this man, then let this man rule all Ireland,' said King Henry of the Earl of Kildare. We hear the echo of those words still. Ever since his first appearance on the stage of Irish politics he has been a strange, elusive figure pursuing his own vision with the tenacity of a Savonarola. He is a pale, gaunt figure dressed in black. Many of us in Ireland cannot understand him, for he seems to possess characteristics which are not Irish.

In recent years, however, since his accession to power, we note a subtle change. People who know him say that he has softened. Though he preserves his aloofness, he shows touches of bonhomie. For this reason he has, of late, acquired a certain degree of popularity among the ancient Unionists, who point to his recent speeches at Geneva and in Ireland which would tend to prove that he will follow a friendly policy to England, at home and abroad.

Nobody can certainly accuse Mr. De Valera and his Government of religious harshness. In all his pronouncements he has upheld the policy of tolerance, and this policy was crowned by the significant appointment of Dr. Douglas Hyde as President of Eire. Some years ago many would have thought it impossible that one of the Protestant minority would be selected to fill the highest post in the State. But, at the moment, in Southern Ireland the fierce political passions have died down and there is a wish for collaboration between the different parties. The choice of Dr. Douglas Hyde as Eire's figurehead has been very

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popular, not only there but also in Irish America. The Irish nation feels that one of the great old bards has been elected to the supreme position.

III

Up to now I have only considered generally the political effect of the Anglo-Irish agreement. From an economic point of view it was received with great joy in Ireland. The farmers rejoiced at the ending of an economic dispute which had done them incalculable harm. Henceforth Irish goods would be admitted free of customs duty into the United Kingdom. The Irish Government, on its side, agreed to apply the formula of 'equal opportunity,' as laid down at the Ottawa agreements between the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. There are, however, critics among the Opposition who complain that Mr. De Valera and his followers are carrying out exactly the same policy as Mr. Cosgrave had done in the past. Why, therefore, had the country to suffer six years of economic distress for a shadow? The most ferocious critics of all are the extreme Republicans, who tax Mr. De Valera with having sacrificed Republican doctrine. 'England's difficulty still remains Ireland's opportunity,' they cry.

Mr. De Valera seems, however, to be well able to take care of himself for all his critics. On this occasion the Irish people did not call him to account for any contradictions. All they thought of was that at last a peaceful agreement had been implemented, and they heard their leader uttering glowing words in praise of England, instead of words of hatred as on innumerable former occasions. After the elections came the publication of the Irish Banking Commission Report, and its effect was not as impressive as was expected, because the Anglo-Irish agreement had already been made. It has, however, become a best-seller in Ireland, a fine fat volume of 700 pages, at the cost of 5*s*. And so varied are its contents that many have dined out on it. The majority report gives a healthy fillip to those who are orthodox and wish to make the best of the country's close proximity to Great Britain. 'International trade,' the majority report says, 'should be as untrammelled as possible. Do not let us exaggerate the responsibility of the gold standard for the troubles of the 1920 period. But in the absence of the gold standard it would be suicidal folly for Eire to pursue any other policy than that of keeping the Irish pound at parity with sterling.' Thus we may expect a conservative monetary policy in the near future, and several members of the Commission quote in the Report the example of Portugal, where Dr. Salazar, by adopting a conservative monetary policy, has been able to restore national confidence.

There have been many discussions about the position of Ireland, supposing a European war broke out. Most of the people with whom I have talked consider that if war broke out we should be able to remain blissfully neutral, for the enemy would not bother to attack the Emerald Isle. Those, however, who have some knowledge of military affairs raise their hands in protest against the naïve simplicity of the civilians. They say that Ireland, owing to geography, is a country of

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primary importance in the military sense, though this character has never been realized by the Irish people themselves. They then go on to say that owing to scientific developments this character of the country has been exploited by foreign nations who consider the possibilities of a war against England. It is especially owing to the advance in aviation that Ireland's former isolation has ceased. Ireland is now easily accessible by the aircraft of every first-class Power, with the possible exception of Japan.

IV

Some of Ireland's sternest critics are the returned exiles. This summer I spent some days rambling about the streets of Dublin with a friend who had lived out of the country since 1928. 'The city has changed,' said he. 'I find the life here more drab than it was in the early days of the Free State. The streets were better kept and there was a greater air of prosperity about the place.'

He looked back with sad longing to those years of reconstruction, because Dublin then simmered with intellectual activity. Those were the days when George Russell (AE), through his weekly paper, the *Irish Statesman*, gave every one of us a voice. But AE had that rare quality among Irishmen of gathering individuals around him and inspiring them to give of their best. On Friday afternoons he would gather all of us who wrote for the *Irish Statesman* together, and, over cups of tea brewed by the master, we discussed the coming number. He was a man of immense sympathy: one of those personalities who tempted young and old to pour out their difficulties to him. I have only seen him angry on one occasion and that was when some lady from America insisted that fairies were small beings. He stood up in a rage, raising his arms, and said: 'No! they are great white beings.'

The passing of the *Irish Statesman* was a grievous blow to Dublin. So long as it lasted, Dublin was intellectually alive, for the writers and artists had common ground to meet upon. Alas, we remnants of the past in Dublin must cry out sadly: '*Où sont les neiges d'antan?*'

This summer, however, we had the opportunity of evoking our old memories, owing to the Dramatic Festival at the Abbey Theatre. Few cities in these islands possess such a keen, vigorous theatre-going public as Dublin, in spite of the fact that it must have more picture houses for its size than any city in Europe. Irishmen, however, not only take a pleasure in dramatizing themselves, but in watching the efforts of others. They do not dominate their feelings and stifle their emotions as the Englishman does. In Dublin there is keen rivalry between various dramatic organizations, and nothing excites more interest in the public than slashing attacks in the press. It was thus an exciting experience to lecture on any controversial subject, for no sooner was the lecture over than the speaker found himself peppered by a volley of sharp questions. There is nothing that the Dublin public like so much as a quarrel between champions of different causes. With the greatest glee they form the ring and urge on the combatants.

On the stage of the Abbey Theatre we witnessed the rehearsal of Ireland's revolutionary movement. A procession of dramatists, gifted with strong

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individuality, passes before my eyes as I look back over the years. First of all, W. B. Yeats, the poet-dramatist. Then Lady Gregory, that kind old lady with the indomitable spirit, whom Bernard Shaw had described as 'the charwoman of the theatre'—an allusion to her infinite sympathy and practical helpfulness toward actors, stage hands, and everybody connected with the theatre. Then Synge, a silent, modest figure, completely absorbed in his own dream. Then after Synge's death a galaxy of dramatists, telling on the stage the story of rural Ireland: Lennox Robinson, Padraic Colum, T. C. Murray, Brinsley McNamara, Shiels, and many others, until we come to O'Casey, who gave a new directive to the theatre by his drama of the city-worker. In O'Casey's plays we get the response to the famous words of Kathleen ni Houlihan. The mother in *Juno and the Paycock* says to her boy who had lost his arm fighting for Kathleen ni Houlihan: 'You lost your best principles when you lost your arm; them's the only sort of principles that's any good to a workin' man.'

O'Casey's genius revealed to the world the terrible squalor of the Dublin tenements, those eighteenth-century palaces of the ascendancy, nowadays inhabited by swarms of poor, whose astonishing stoicism, good humor and self-sacrifice O'Casey, the worker-dramatist, described in inspiring scenes. He is the great pacifist man of the theatre. His observant eye showed him that in war it was always the poor who suffered, while those who manipulated the war escaped scot-free. And after the O'Casey era the Abbey Theatre produced the strong personality of Denis Johnston, whose *Moon in the Yellow River* with its modernist technique was a fine dramatization of the Cosgrave period of reconstruction.

From the beginning the Abbey Theatre has been one of the most potent influences for stimulating Irish thought and reviving Irish national spirit. It killed the rough, old-fashioned melodrama and the maudlin stage Irishman: it has shown Irishmen the picture of their society, whether among rich or poor, in country or in city. Today there are some who would like to build a wall of brass around Ireland to keep out the influences from beyond the water. Some there are who would even make us cast away the Renaissance mind and the English tradition of literary individualism and steep ourselves in the ancient Irish tradition, which was impersonal, national, medieval and European. But in the Irishman, in opposition to the narrow national spirit, there is the vague but none the less insistent longing for the land beyond the seas. The spirit that urged St. Brendan to set out on his magic voyages still lives in our people and impels the Irishman to become a missionary in other lands. Instead of sailing away as a monk he may prefer to follow his adventures as a soldier in India, a sailor on the High Seas, a politician in America, or an Irish author in London; but no matter where he goes he will preserve intact the ancient clan memories of the Emerald Isle.

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The Arctic of the future is described by a famous explorer; Sweden resurrects her Dreyfus case; Germany's discontent is seen in her illegal literature.

# Miscellany

## I. Arctic de Luxe

*By* Peter Freuchen

IT IS an old story that Arctic explorers after some time get so tired of each other that they cannot bear the sight of their companions and often go mad.

I have heard it time and again, and people really get sore when you tell them that you never had this experience yourself. People like to stay in their old error: it is so much easier! And Arctic exploration has been the object of many errors from the days of old—and still is.

Some time ago there still was some mystery about the frozen north. People who went there believed themselves to be in the very danger of their lives, and their actions were constantly handicapped by these thoughts. Funny enough! But the explorers were themselves responsible for this.

Haven't I read and heard lectures from many such fine travelers, always telling about the hardships they had had to face? They had been suffering from frost and gales, snowdrifts and starvation, terrible animals and frightful Eskimos, and much more than that.

When I was a small boy I always wondered why men who had escaped such perils always wanted to go back there again. Because they always did! Now I have spent most of my life on expeditions and I still wonder.

I know for myself that I am no big hero, and if I had encountered such conditions I should have kept out. Pretty long distance, too!

The Arctic explorations of today are somewhat different from before. I shall not deny that in past years travelers did have a tough time, but then again they did not do much about it.

Read the old books about the Eng-

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lish expeditions a hundred years ago or more. They were all military-organized. Officers in uniforms in the cabins, the crew living before the mast in horrible quarters. And everybody took it for granted that a huge percentage would die from scurvy during the winter.

Then, as soon as the worst part of the darkness was over, they would have to undertake strenuous journeys on sledges. They traveled, dragging their sledges themselves; that is, the officers walked alongside, commanding the sailors, who had the harnesses on.

That was before kerosene came into use. In the evenings they used coal for cooking. Their food was mostly salt meat, and gin was supposed to be a vital part of their provisions. Only when the modern times came in, did the exploration of the Polar regions begin to amount to anything real. The invention of the primus stove did more than anything else. After that came the dog-sledge; distances were covered no man would have dreamt about before.

II

At the same time the leadership in Arctic exploration passed from England to Scandinavia, and there it stayed for quite many years. It was the ingenious Norwegian, Fridtjof Nansen, who must have the honor for that. After him came a splendid line of strong men born in the Scandinavian countries.

The motor-boat took over the transportation in summer, where before one had rowed heavily in the skin boats or wooden ones, all of which demanded a big crew. After the motor-boat came the tractor and then the airplane.

The coastlines of the Arctic are generally known. There is no more new land to find and soon the lands of the frozen north will be opened even to tourists. But don't let anybody believe that this is the end of the Arctic scientific research. The work is only started. Now we know *where* to go after what we want. Now we can take the specialists there safely, even if they are not athletic and trained to stand all kinds of hardships.

To say the truth, there was often too much bluff in the hero stuff the explorers liked to pull. Dangers are there—yes, of course. In the Arctic there always was a fight for existence. But now we can take a look at what has been done in the past, what we are doing now, and what the future will hold for the Arctic.

Today the leadership in Arctic work undoubtedly is in the Soviet Union. Not surprising when one takes a look at the map and sees how big a coastline the Soviet people possess compared with other countries.

An international exhibition of Polar exploration is to take place in Bergen in the year 1940. This will be the very first exhibition of its kind, and will show the evolution of Arctic research. The man is not born who can help admiring Norway and its men. Whenever I visit Norway, and mostly when I come up to the Arctic part of it, I meet men, who, born north of the Arctic Circle, have seen the sea right outside their door from their birth.

They are people who are forced to make their living from that pitiless sea, and who have developed the most splendid ways of fighting nature. Many Norwegians go year after year

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far up in the high Arctic, and make a living for themselves and their children and wives from hunting and fishing where no other nation can go. No wonder that this country has sons that are suited for Arctic explorations like no one else.

So it is just and right that this country should have the honor of organizing the first international exhibition of Polar exploration—at Bergen in 1940.

The old capital of Western Norway! Here came the sailors with goods from north and south. Here great things have been done, and we still smell the odor of the old time as we walk on the streets here. It is like wading in memories to be in Bergen.

This exhibition will not be competitive. There is nothing as international as Arctic exploration. Results are always published and used as a starting point for future research.

Many nations have during the past years added to the knowledge of the Arctic. It will not only be an attraction for experts and specialists; it will be also a chapter of the history of man that can be laid open to the public.

It is a wonder that such a thing never took place before!

Being an Arctic explorer myself, I had the happy fortune to live at a time when groundwork was laid for future Arctic research. I myself was a dog driver, and I walked thousands of miles dragging a sledge. I rowed in skin boats and *kayaks* and walked on skis for months. What we brought home in my youth was little and looks humble compared with present-day collections. My best impression of this I got last year, when I flew a stretch in an airplane in *six hours* that years before had taken me *three months* to cover. But also I was happy to see that nothing that we did was in vain. The exhibition in Bergen will show it to the world.

For me, Bergen in 1940, because there I will see without danger and with little expense, but with the same feeling of excitement, what I tried all my life to find on my many journeys to the virgin deserts of the Arctic ice and snow.

## II. The Kreuger Saga

Translated from the *National Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

ON MARCH 12, 1932, Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish financier and match king, ended his life with a revolver in his Paris apartment. In the wake of this suicide came a flood of sensational rumors and revelations, all indicating that Kreuger had been an impostor of gigantic proportions. Among other things, he forged stocks. He had a telephone in his desk, which he used to telephone to himself from out of town when he had business men in his office whom he wanted to impress. Thus he faked conversations with highly placed political personages and well known economic royalists of the European capitals. On the American and European stock markets the Kreuger stocks fell rapidly as soon as these and other details became known, and the

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structure of his organization collapsed like the proverbial house of cards.

For his native country the ruin of Ivar Kreuger was a national catastrophe, for tens of thousands of Swedish investors were wiped out. Public wrath naturally turned against the surviving partners of the great impostor. Gigantic suits were instituted, in the course of which Kreuger's partners were sentenced to prison terms and fined heavily. In time, the 'Kreuger case' gradually seemed to fall into oblivion; but then new suits followed, in which the defendants fought for their rehabilitation; they actually succeed in exonerating themselves of the charges made against them.

II

Thorsten Kreuger, the brother and most intimate collaborator of the match king, was the center of interest in these trials. Thorsten himself, who was sentenced to a lengthy term in prison and the loss of all civic rights, has for years been passionately and tenaciously conducting a campaign to clear his name, and simultaneously that of his brother, from the stigma attached to it.

Today, after a series of favorable court decisions, Thorsten is again a millionaire, and he is using his wealth in an attempt to clear the family name completely. He has acquired two important newspapers, *Stockholms Tidningen* and *Aftonbladet*, and thus has created a platform from which he continuously and unsparingly attacks those who, in his opinion, must be regarded as the beneficiaries of the Kreuger scandal.

He has already succeeded in splitting into two camps Swedish public opinion, which only a few years ago was unanimous in condemning his brother. In one camp, Ivar Kreuger is still being regarded as an impostor and an enemy of the people; but the number of those in the other camp who have come to regard him as the innocent victim of sinister intrigues by unscrupulous competitors is constantly growing.

The fight is no longer confined to the courts and to the daily papers; the stage and the cinema have also taken hold of this dramatic subject. The well known Swedish writer, Siegfred Siewerts, has written a drama *Spiel auf dem Meer*, staged in the Stockholm Royal Theater, in which he has attempted a portrayal of the world in which Ivar Kreuger moved. In the course of the play, laid on an ocean steamer against a background of moral decay and crime, a powerful director of the Kreuger concern loses out to another financier, an opponent of his, and in desperation jumps overboard after he has received a telegram informing him of the death of his chief.

In contrast to this description of a Sweden, decadent and greedy for money, doomed to collapse, is a motion picture entitled *Panic*, which will have its première in Copenhagen at the beginning of this year. Advance information describes it as an attempt at the rehabilitation of Ivar Kreuger in the world public opinion. Ivar Kreuger, it is claimed, is authentically depicted at the height of his power; there follows the assault upon the Kreuger shares in all stock markets of the world, the intrigues concocted in Wall Street against the dangerous opponent, and the strange rôle

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of the Comintern in the mess, ending with the assassination of Kreuger by a man named Harris. The feminine lead of the picture is played by the Danish actress, Manja Povlsen. The three male protagonists—Ivar Kreuger, Thorsten Kreuger and 'Harris'—are portrayed by one man, the Anglo-Swedish actor Gustaf Richter. The author and director of *Panic*, which will come out in both Swedish and English versions, is Gustaf Erikson, a writer who lately attracted much attention with a book describing what would happen if Ivar Kreuger were suddenly to reappear in Stockholm today.

The fight for the rehabilitation of Ivar Kreuger reached a new intensity at a recent mass meeting at which Professor Lundstedt and other well known persons demanded justice for Kreuger and sharply attacked the large banks as his most dangerous and unscrupulous enemies. At the end of the meeting a dramatic petition was sent to King Gustav 'to rectify in true Swedish tradition the grave injustice that has been committed.' On whose side lies the truth in this fight cannot yet be judged by an outsider, but it is certain that the last word has not been spoken in this 'Swedish Dreyfus Case.'

## III. The Rising Tide of Treason

Translated from the *Deutsche Volkszeitung*, Paris Émigré German-Language Weekly

POPULAR resistance in Germany against the increasingly war-like policy pursued by its rulers finds expression in whispered slogans and grumbling which passes from mouth to mouth in city and country.

Despite Gestapo and special courts, the reign of terror seems to have been unable to control 'termites' and 'gossips.' Numerous German handbills have come into our possession in recent weeks, indicating that the activities of the growing anti-Hitler forces have long since passed the mere whispering stage. Technically these handbills are often quite crude, but in burning language addressed to workers, to women, to citizens generally, they castigate the brutal un-German pogroms, oppressions and corruptions, which have drastically lowered German prestige abroad.

A typical example is the handbill addressed to the workers of the Humboldt-Deutz Motorworks in Cologne, exhorting them to take action against accidents, alarmingly on the increase:—

'Fellow Workers! We must take action against the tremendous increase in accidents caused by the war and armament profiteers. We must act on our own by resisting the merciless speed-up and insisting on strict observance of safety measures and installation of safety devices. Let's get together on the question of slowing down our rate of work and on refusing overtime! Our fight for the eight-hour day and higher wages is the best weapon against the danger of accidents!'

Storm troops stationed in Düsseldorf were bombarded with handbills

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circulated after the Sudeten occupation, bearing the signature 'Ex-Servicemen:'

'Our economic position has *not* improved with the rape of Sudetenland. On the contrary, it has become worse! Instead of making the rich pay, as they had promised us, they force us, the Old Guard, to go out on the street and collect the last penny from the poorest of the poor. If the money collected actually went to the needy, we might understand; but the poor never see it. If we could examine the books we would see that the money for the most part finds its way into the pockets of the big shots and is wasted on war preparations.'

II

Citizens of Trier recently found in their mail boxes an illegal handbill dressed up like an advertising circular. It attacked the Nazi city government whose corruption and nepotism had increased municipal indebtedness to gigantic proportions. Toward the end the leaflet says:—

'Shall we stand for all this? NO! We demand that the city comptroller account for all municipal funds. We demand to know why the Nazi big shots who fill their pockets with our tax money still hold office. The Nazi system robbed the citizenry of all participation and control. We demand restoration of our voice in municipal affairs. We demand publication of financial reports. Only then will graft and deficits vanish.'

A leaflet distributed to women in the Rhineland shortly after the pseudo-peace of Munich exhorts them as follows:

'Women! Mothers! Housewives! Let us repeat at every occasion that the food warehouses must be opened. We want good food again. Let us say that the collections for the Sudeten Germans and for the Winter Aid are spent on armaments and that we shall contribute no more. Let us demand of the authorities that they release our husbands and sons. Let us fight on every side against the Fascist warmongers, for the preservations of peace, for right and freedom in our German Fatherland!'

Another leaflet tells the truth about the cruel mistreatment of the Jews at the hands of the Elite Guards. It closes thus: 'No one in Germany, let alone abroad, believes that the burning of synagogues and of Jewish houses, the destruction and robbery of Jewish shops, offices, and factories, the bestial mistreatment, murder and mass imprisonment of Jews arose as a consequence of the German people's ire.'

German workers quickly calculated how much overtime they had to spend to repair the mob damage to the commonwealth. Working women, able to afford household goods only at tremendous effort and sacrifice, indignantly watched the destruction of so much property. Tenants in search of homes—their number legion—bitterly watched the Nazis set fire to houses, homes and synagogues. Catholics observed with terror the resemblance between the burning of the synagogues and the mob attacks upon the Episcopal Palaces in Rothernburg, Vienna and Munich.

'It is enough!' the illegal handbills shout. 'If worse is still to come we must all stand together in the common defense. In the name of Germany, let us unite.'

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The underground movement in Germany has undoubtedly grown, but it is employing different methods from those of the early years of the Nazi régime. At that time the illegal groups committed the dangerous mistake of coming out into the open. It happened frequently that handbills and slogans, even underground meetings became known to outsiders. The result was a wave of arrests and a brutal campaign of extermination of the illegal fighters by the Gestapo. One man after another fell a victim in these raids. Since then the illegal movement has learned to work under cover. It no longer is seen and heard, but has become more effective just the same. These German fighters for freedom have learned to make themselves completely invisible. The Austrian poet, Fritz Brügel, has put into words the essence of this struggle in his poem called *Song to be Whispered*. This poem has been put into music, and is frequently broadcast over the German *Freiheitssender* (German underground radio station):—

*We are unseen, unknown are we,*
*No tell-tale badge is ours,*
*The enemy's hatred leaves us free,*
*We mock his brutal powers.*

*We are uncaptured, unrepressed,*
*In darkness ever dwelling*
*In spite of the revengeful foe,*
*Our silent ranks are swelling.*

*The net grows finer as we spin;*
*In darkest night arisen,*
*It spreads through cities and through towns*
*Defying court and prison.*

*We are the air you breathe, we slip*
*Through enemy's hands unknowing.*
*He watches till his eyes grow blind,*
*Can only sense our growing.*

*The light of dawn gives us no rest,*
*Through secret lanes we burrow;*
*Today we are the dispossessed,*
*But ours shall be tomorrow.*

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# THE AMERICAN SCENE

POLITICALLY the year 1939 began with much to comfort those truly solicitous about the future of the democratic idea in the United States. The President's message to the Seventy-sixth Congress as well as the inaugural speeches of the several newly elected or reëlected Governors carried a full realization of the spreading dangers, here and abroad, to the hard-won principles in the Bill of Rights, together with a reaffirmation of the national resolve to defend those principles in the United States against all open and covert totalitarian propaganda. Governor Lehman of New York, perhaps more vigorously than any other state executive, carefully described the differences between our mode of government and those in Fascist and Communist countries. At great length he pleaded with the Legislature so to amend the laws and precedents with regard to evidence obtained by public officials that the utmost personal rights are left inviolate.

President Roosevelt pointed out that the enormous changes in social living during the past six years were made 'without concentration camps, and without a scratch on freedom of speech, freedom of the press or the rest of the Bill of Rights.' Looking into the future he warned the nation that 'the united strength of a democratic nation can be mustered only when its people, educated by modern standards to know what is going on and where they are going, have conviction that they are receiving as large a share of opportunity for development, as large a share of material success and of human dignity, as they have a right to receive.'

In other words, the strength of a democracy lies in its standard of living. The greater the public welfare and the more widespread individual self-respect, the more impervious is the nation against all forms of dictatorship. A strong labor movement, working for a more equitable distribution of the public wealth, thus constitutes a mighty safeguard against totalitarianism, and it also helps to insure the worthy aspects of the present economic system, for capitalism in nearly all its forms, as events in Germany and Italy have amply shown, has almost as much to fear from authoritarianism as constitutional government. Where 'the blessed right of being able to say what we please' has been abolished, everybody loses, the haves and have-nots, believers and atheists, poets and merchants alike.

IN THIS connection the recent survey of sentiment concerning the Wages and Hours Law, conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion, offers great encouragement. In the country as a whole 71 per cent voted in favor of the law, while 29 per cent were against. In January, 1938, when the Institute conducted a similar poll those in favor amounted to 69 per cent, while in 1937 only 61 per cent thought well of the minimum wage idea. Today, it seems, not only have the workers in general swung more and more in line with the Wages and Hours Law, but it also holds true of

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the employers. The New England and Middle Atlantic states, where most of the nation's manufacturing takes place, led in the percentages of favorable ballots. Then came the West Central, Western, and East Central states, in that order. In the South, strangely enough, where wages are lower than anywhere else in the country, only 59 per cent voted for the law.

These figures apparently mean that the people have come to look upon the minimum wage as a decent form of governmental regulation, not the rank injustice which organizations like the National Association of Manufacturers incline to believe it is. The *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, which have been agitating in favor of major changes in the law, it would therefore be logical to say, have represented not the majority but a rapidly decreasing minority of public opinion. The Republican politicians who did not dare to come out publicly against any of the major economic bills of the New Deal obviously knew more of the temper of the voters than the editorial writers and columnists who give the unwary reader the impression of absolute surety and soundness. Perhaps Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson and Mark Sullivan don't know everything after all.

THE American lynching record improves with the years, though it still presents a disgraceful picture. The Tuskegee Institute reports that in 1938 six persons were lynched, or two less than in 1937 and 1936, and fourteen less than in 1935. All the 1938 victims were Negroes, two of whom were burned. 'There were 42 instances in which officers of the law prevented lynching. Three of these were in Northern states and 39 in Southern states.' The encouragement in the latter fact immediately disappears when one considers that all the lynchings were in the South: Florida, 1; Georgia, 1; Louisiana, 1; and Mississippi, 3. These four states appear among the last ten in nearly every comparative study made of the American confederation, while Mississippi has for years been known as the worst American state. It suffers from a lack of good hospitals, public schools, colleges, hotels, homes for the aged and incurably ill and newspapers; and Florida, Georgia and Louisiana are not far ahead of it. All four, being among the least civilized of American commonwealths, naturally practice the least civilized form of public entertainment, lynching.

SURGEON General Thomas Parran, in his annual report, reveals that the death-rate of 10.8 per thousand in the first six months of 1938 represented a decline from the rate of 11.3 in 1936 and 10.9 in 1937. Infant mortality and death from childbirth also fell noticeably. Most of the deaths in 1937 resulted from heart disease, malignant growths, pneumonia, kidney disease, accidents (not including automobile) and tuberculosis. Cases of smallpox mounted to the enormous total of 11,673, the highest since 1931, but very few of them ended fatally.

Considering the persistent unemployment of some 11,000,000 in the country, this record offers much to be thankful for. Relief funds plus a spreading immunity to infection doubtless had much to do with it. Almost certainly, if there had been no WPA grants, the death rates and the incidence of disease would have been

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higher, as the first three-four years of the depression seemed to indicate. The WPA has cost billions, but hospitalization for the poor and public burials together would probably have cost just as much. As a matter of simple bookkeeping, the national relief program has evidently justified itself.

One thing which Dr. Parran points out should give pause to those in the medical profession who still have doubts about the wisdom of group medical practice. He estimates that '40,000,000 people in the United States—the lower economic third of our population—are unable to provide themselves with medical care during serious illness,' and that the nation lacks at least 360,000 hospital beds. These two matters constitute the chief problems which coöperative medicine has tried, and with remarkable success to all concerned in nearly every instance, to solve. Officials of organized conservative medicine maintain that group practice 'lowers the standards of medical practice, hinders medical progress and brings about the regimentation of the medical profession to virtually the standard of a labor union,' but they have not produced a single valid example to prove these charges.

ACCORDING to figures compiled by the Psychological Index of the WPA, the number of articles dealing with psychological research in English, especially in the United States, continues to mount. The increase in the number of English psychological articles in 1938 over the preceding year was 7 per cent, 'a new peak for the period since the war,' though in German, the language of Freud, Adler and Jung, the total for 1938 remained 'more than 44 per cent below the post-War zenith of 2,658 articles published in 1930.' Finally, all over the world, 'the rate of increase from year to year has been subsiding recently from the pace set during the decade of recovery following the war.'

These figures somewhat clarify a literary phenomenon that has become more and more evident in the past two–three years, namely, the subsidence of psychological works, both imaginative and otherwise, on the Continent and their continued influence, particularly in the non-fictional field, in England and America. The cult of D. H. Lawrence, as purified by Virginia Woolf and filled with 'social significance' by the more vociferous radicals, persists in England, while in our land the Dale Carnegies and Dorothea Brandes, with their guides to smooth living and easy dying, keep on filling their vaults with government bonds and other securities. The dire economic misery of the Central European countries probably has something to do with the diminishing interest in the more obvious Freudian excitations, and perhaps the English-speaking peoples would have shown the same diminishing interest had starvation and spiritual humiliation hit them with equal force. But no matter what the future holds in store for them, the chances are that they too will turn more and more to the sounder, age-old forms of fiction and will learn to smile indulgently at those who pretend to tell them when to *Wake Up and Live* and *How to Make Friends and Influence People.* Collective aberrations, like individual fevers, quiet down in time, if only to be supplanted by other aberrations.

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TWO events have already made the new year memorable. Of these the first was the full and unconditional pardon granted to Tom Mooney by the newly elected Governor of California. Almost from the day of his conviction, 22 years ago, of having set the bomb that killed ten people during the Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco, lawyers and laymen from all walks of life made appeals for his release on the basis of incontrovertible evidence that perjury and malice had conspired against him. Apparently every avenue of court procedure had been exhausted, and five Governors had refused to pardon the innocent man for reasons that made so little sense that they must forever remain mysterious. It has remained for Governor Olson to do the only honorable thing by Mooney, thereby clearing his state to some extent of one of the most shameful pages in its annals.

The happy ending of the Mooney case naturally raises memories of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. In all probability, as more and more impartial students agree, both men were convicted wholly by mob hysteria. They died in the Massachusetts electric chair seven years after a jury found them guilty. By that time so much doubt had been raised regarding their guilt that honest men and women hoped Governor Fuller would at least commute their death sentences to life imprisonment. Bolstered by the findings of a committee including former President Lowell of Harvard, he felt, on the contrary, that justice demanded their execution. All that kindly people can do now is to hope that God will have mercy on Governor Fuller's soul.

Professor Felix Frankfurter's elevation to the Supreme Court assures that tribunal a liberal majority for many years to come. The universal approval which greeted his nomination made sweet music to the ears of all genuine friends of American democracy. Dr. Frankfurter had been called a Red because he defended Sacco and Vanzetti and helped the New Deal in shaping its policies. A Jew, he had also earned the silent disfavor of those men and women who find more pleasure in Henry Ford's pronouncements than in Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. The Frankfurter nomination also quieted the legend that President Roosevelt never forgives, for Dr. Frankfurter was believed to be opposed to the President's Court Plan, perhaps his favorite proposal.

With Tom Mooney free and Felix Frankfurter in the Supreme Court, Americans have a right to feel that while, in a democracy, trains are not as punctual as in Italy, and 'public improvements' are not as quickly realized as in Germany, human lives and the immemorial decencies are more secure. —C. A.

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# NOTES AND COMMENTS

### Valentine for Il Duce

For the Duce's delirious ideas,
We can offer but two panaceas;
Either give him Gibraltar,
Suez, Cyprus and Malta—
Or a kick in the Pantellarias.

—Sagittarius

### Flat Foot Politics

The Soviet youth is now being taught the 'Western dances' in the Moscow Palace of Culture dedicated to Stalin. Particular attention is being paid to the rumba and the teachers are following very carefully the method of the English dancer, Victor Silvester. However, a high ideological level is being maintained. A good example is a speech of the dancing master to the graduates of the school who have finished his course of 'Western dances.'

'As you are leaving our dance school, allow me to remind you once again of the true function of the legs. Who, if not we, will move the rumba on the road to progress? Certainly, not the capitalist Victor Silvester. My last injunction to you is: "Think with your feet."'

—*Posledniya Novosti*, Paris

### Blind Alleys?

Two towns in Sudeten Gau, Turn and Teplitz, have put on record their obligations to a British statesman. Each has renamed one of its principal thoroughfares 'Lord Runciman-Street.'

—Peterborough in the *Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post*, London

### Appeasement

Interview with Mussolini, *Daily Telegraph*, May 28, 1936.

Interviewer: Can one say that, with the inclusion of Abyssinia within the territories under Italian sovereignty, the new Roman Empire is complete?

Mussolini: The end of sanctions will mark the entry of Italy into the ranks of the satisfied States.

—*Tribune*, London

### Nazi Noël

Children: Have You Thought It Over?

All the things you want to write for the Christmas Prize Competition of the *Fränkische Tageszeitung*.

Boys and girls! You know the Jew! Write down all you know about him! Or paint and draw the Jew as you see him!

And you tiny tots, have you already thought what you want to draw?

Children, there are so many prizes.

—Announcement in *Fränkische Tageszeitung*, Nuremberg

### Rhyme if Not Reason

Whatever hostile critics may say, we are convinced that our motives in the creation of our Empire were not greed of gold or love of power, but a subconscious urge to civilize, that only became conscious under the enlightening pen of Rudyard Kipling.

—Lord Esher

### But Definitely!

It is a curious fact that the hunting-field can show more individuals who have done or are doing something definitely worth while than are to be found in any other community gathered together for purposes of relaxation. A hunting holiday is the finest Winter Sport of all.

—Advertisement in the *Times*, London

### Those Wedding Bells

The Bishop of Stuhlweissenburg, in agreement with the Cardinal-Prince-Archbishop of Hungary, has forbidden that the *Wedding March* from Wagner's *Lohengrin* or Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, or any part of these operas, should be played at weddings.

The reason given is that the *Wedding March* in *Lohengrin* is the prelude to a murder and the cooling of conjugal relations. In *Midsummer Night's Dream* the bridegroom is transformed, on the stage, into an ass.

'Tactful enlightenment by the clergy,' adds

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the Bishop's order, 'will divert Catholics from the tasteless fashion of getting themselves married to the accompaniment of such music.'

—*Prager Tagblatt*

### Neville, Be Firm!

It has been said that Chamberlain went to Rome with the firm determination not to give away Buckingham Palace unless Il Duce would demand it.

—*Weltwoche*, Zurich

### The Customer Is Always Right

According to a dispatch from London, the Japanese have renamed a small village U.S.A. to enable them to use the trademark 'Made in U.S.A.' for export purposes.

—*National Zeitung*, Basel

### Nebulous Note

A pacific Note has been exchanged by France and Germany. Some find it vague. But a vague declaration of peace is better than a clear declaration of war.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

### Loyal Butter

Mr. Boulanger, M.P., for one of the Federal seats of Quebec province, voiced the sentiments of French-Canadians when he said recently:—

'Canada is neither responsible for European discords; nor interested in British Empire affairs outside of Canada.

'Canadians should notify Great Britain that Canada is for Canadians; and will not permit a single man to fight for anything but Canadian interests.'

'New Zealand Butter is loyal butter.'

— *News Review*, London

### Housing Problems

The Town Council of a town in the north of England recently moved a respectable family —father, mother, two daughters and a son— out of a derelict cottage into a neat little council house; two rooms and scullery downstairs, three bedrooms up. A few weeks after the move, an official looked in to see that everything was all right. 'Well, Mrs. X., all settled now? How do you like the new quarters?'

'Oh, very comfortable indeed. We like them fine. When are the upstairs people moving in?'

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

### Tail Wags Dog

Perhaps the best illustration of the A. O.'s uncompromising irredentism was provided, not long ago, by a leading official whom a French reporter asked: 'Has not Hitler solemnly renounced Alsace-Lorraine?' 'Sure,' replied the Nazi, 'but the Alsatians have never renounced Germany!'

—Joachim Joesten in *Fortnightly*, London

### With Daily Crucifixions

This is a true story. The conversation was overheard at a recent public dinner. A distinguished Frenchman was sitting next to Mrs. Chamberlain. He remarked that there had recently been something like a religious revival in France. Mrs. Chamberlain said: 'Oh, since Munich, you mean?'

—Critic

### A Blow to Adolf

If India seceded from the British Empire, it would be a terrible blow to me.

—Adolf Hitler

### Away From the Madding Europe . . . .

People here are too sad. All Europe is like a madhouse with people barking and snarling at each other. It will be a relief to get back to the peace and sanity of Africa.

—Mrs. Oswald Pirow

### The Battling Irish

At the time of the recent crisis a young Irish veteran of the last war was discussing with his wife the arm with which he should fight in the war which then seemed probable.

'Too old for air fighting now,' he said. 'It will have to be the infantry.'

'You are not fighting for anyone,' his wife replied. 'You have a wife and family to look after. Your fighting days are finished.'

The young veteran grinned. 'But what if the Free State and Ulster were at war?' he asked.

'That,' replied the wife, 'would be different. I'd be fighting too!'

— *National Review*, London

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# LETTERS AND THE ARTS

## Germany's Literary Doldrums

*By* Kurt Kersten

Translated from the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris

A LIVELY press campaign on behalf of books has recently been initiated in the Third Reich. At this time of the year publishers are bringing out the bulk of their new titles and the newspapers reap the harvest of advertising. There is, for example, the large Literary Supplement of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in which a book is but rarely mentioned unless it is also advertised. Many things have gradually been disappearing from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, —once the leading German newspaper in the field of literature, politics and finance —such as the name of its founder, Leopold Sonnemann, which used to be carried on its masthead. Today, the paper studiously refrains from any critical analysis of new books. It is satisfied with reviews which are hardly distinguishable from the blurbs on the jackets.

This policy has been enforced for several years; but today it is applied far more strictly and one looks in vain for a competent surveyal or even a description of current literature. By the absence of any objective standard of quality, the Literary Supplement gives the impression of being an *Eintopfgericht*—the famous Nazi One-Dish-Meal.

It is a remarkable fact that the Literary Supplement never mentions official Party authors. The publishers of these authors are boycotting the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The paper might have overlooked this boycott, except for the fact that its readers seem to show little interest in Party literature—a significant symptom.

The Supplement does, however, give a fair picture of the type of literature read today both by the middle class and certain sections of the working class. Despite the obvious commercial bias, some conclusions may be drawn from the selection. The prize-winning literature promoted and protected by Goebbels and Rosenberg is conspicuous by its absence, as are those few outsiders and independents, such as the 'Inner Reich' group, which seems to desire above all to keep aloof, and whose position is hard to determine. Nor is there more than passing mention of Berlin publishing houses such as S. Fischer and Rowohlt, which dominated the industry until 1933, and which today eke out a shadowy existence, restricting themselves to a small list, for the most part translations.

A statistical analysis of 192 new titles shows some interesting results. There are more than 40 translations, mostly from the English and French. Translations from the Italian are rare: apparently close political ties have not succeeded in making modern Italian literature acceptable. 72 of the new titles are biographies and travel books; in second place come 65 novels, for the most part by totally unknown authors. The only better-known names represented are those of Fallada, Brues, Brehm and Zillich. In third place come illustrated books about art (medieval) and nature, now much in demand. In fourth place come books about inventors and discoverers. Many translations from the French are represented among the historical books, while the travel books deal largely with colonial subjects. Military literature is poorly represented, as is science, but this may be explained by the character of the Supplement.

Most significant is the strong emphasis on historical subjects—in fact, the preoccupation with history in general, even in fiction. One does not have to go far afield in Germany to understand why there were several biographies of Ma-

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chiavelli and a number of books dealing with the experiences of Germans abroad. Nevertheless, German literature published abroad continues to exert a direct influence, partly in the selection of subject matter, partly in the manner of presentation. Émigré literature is never openly discussed, but it is obvious that intra-German literature is taking issue with it. Often ideas and subjects are simply plagiarized; in other cases parallelism seems to be intended to offer competition to émigré writers. In any event, the mutual influence of the two German literatures—within Germany and abroad—are greater than is generally known. It can hardly be an accident that Stefan Zweig's *Story of Magellan* draws fire just as another Magellan biography appears in Germany.

Present-day literature in the Third Reich, insofar as it is not openly propagandistic, is essentially a literature of the past; at the same time it is a literature which tags behind events, a literature which never asserts nor can assert any claim to leadership. On the other hand, the German reader is, in effect, prevented from having access to the literature of the world, despite the many translations. Many international classics of the second half of the nineteenth century are no longer reprinted. Today one looks in vain for new editions of Tolstoi, Zola, Flaubert, Strindberg and the great American realists. They are either suppressed or available only at second-hand.

This state of affairs has an effect which must not be under-estimated and which must be clearly recognized if valid conclusions are to be drawn and changes understood. A young person in the Third Reich today might never even hear the names of Tolstoi or Zola, to say nothing of getting hold of their books. And just as the younger generation knows neither Heine nor Gorki, neither has it heard of Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Dos Passos, Hemingway. The great world of militant progress is closed to youth, a youth which, moreover, is drifting away from Goethe and Schiller, Lessing, Voltaire and Rousseau. This youth is in danger of losing all contact with the libertarian traditions of German history, the struggles of the German working class, of the democratic bourgeoisie, and of revolutionary peasantry.

The German people are about to lose their great past.

## Italian Intellectuals in Bondage

*By* An Italian Correspondent

From the *Manchester Guardian*

IN ONE of the cities of Central Italy lives a group of writers, painters, and musicians who find much to complain of in the conditions of work under the régime. They are not the only people with a grievance, but unlike the peasants, the other great class on whom Fascism bears hardest, they are at least articulate, at any rate in the drawing-rooms of their friends; and during a month which I spent among them, I tried to discover what they disliked in the régime, what sort of government they wished to see in its place, and what (if anything) they were prepared to do about it. They expressed themselves on their discontents with great frankness and some wit.

The attack on the Jews has wounded the Italians in their intellectual pride, but as an invitation to sadism it is already bearing fruit. What, however, most irritates them in the present anti-Jewish measures is the betrayal of their principle of citizenship.

Racialism means absolutely nothing in Italy, for centuries the melting-pot of Mediterranean peoples, and the Government's call to protect the so-called purity of the race is so much humbug which would make the Italians smile if it did not sting them to tears. 'What then of the Etruscans?' they ask. 'Who were they if not Semites? And what of the Arab

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strain in Sicily and Naples?' The fact is that the ethnic principle is not important to Italians and never has been so since Roman times. 'Paul was a Roman citizen, and any man of intelligence and culture is my brother,' a young Italian journalist said to me; and I have heard the same thing from many Italian lips.

If the Jewish policy is hated in Italy, the German program is abhorred, and here it is not only the intellectuals who are revolted but the entire nation. The '*passo Romano*,' the German goose-step, which, the Italians say, has been given them in exchange for the Passo del Brenner, is a daily parade of the Government's indifference to public feeling. As yet this feeling does not seem to have affected the curious kind of personal loyalty which Mussolini inspires. His entourage is almost universally hated, his policy is feared and disliked, but he himself is still adored and continues to fascinate even his severest critics, although he is followed without confidence.

The men who came to talk with my host were artists first, and politicians only because politics have entered every phase of Italian life. What they most lamented under the régime was the impossibility of preserving any sort of artistic integrity. Most of them had jobs, for it was impossible to live on their writing.

It is hardest, of course, for the writers. Their literary integrity is insulted every summer by the Viareggio Prize, which, like the awards of the Royal Academy in this country, is both sought and despised. But the painters of any originality cannot show their work, the architects can do nothing of interest, for every public building must incorporate a fascio in the façade, and the musicians have no heart to play. The censorship is maddening. Everything has to be sent to the local prefecture, where the personnel, half-educated and insolent, is always changing. The appeal must go to the Ministry of Culture, more political-minded even than the local censors.

On their grievances my friends were entirely agreed, and the things they all wished to see restored were the liberty of the press, the possibility of open political discussion and, above all, the emancipation of literature, art, and scholarship from political control. But when I asked: 'What sort of government do you want?' their unanimity vanished. Some were for a form of representative government with greater powers in the upper chamber than the lower. Most of them disliked the existing democratic systems and pretended that liberty could be grafted on to Fascism. But when I asked them what they could do about it, they mistrusted my interest in politics, and invited me to come and smell the gardenias in the garden.

The architecture of the Renaissance villa was serene in the moonlight. The house was older than Machiavelli. I remembered Leopardi's counsel of despair:—

*O miseri o codardi figliuoli avrai;*
*Miseri eleggi.*
(*Your sons must be wretched if they are not cowards;*
*Let them be wretched.*)

## Sibelius—The Craftsman

*By* Sir Thomas Beecham

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

SIBELIUS is one of the two great individualists of our age in his approach to the whole matter of music. The other is, of course, Delius. There are some who would include Debussy in this category, and to a certain extent they would be right. But I am thinking now of those composers who have produced a large and varied output of orchestral work, and in this direction Debussy's achievement is far more limited than that of either Delius or Sibelius.

What I mean by an individualist in art is one whose intellectual and spiritual forbears are not easily traceable. Although in their earlier works both these

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masters were subject to the influences of certain of their predecessors; it is beyond argument that upon reaching maturity they created a new world of sound, of which we find little warning or intimation among those who went before them.

The æsthetic ancestry of such undeniably splendid works as the symphonies of Mendelssohn, Brahms, Dvorák and Elgar is obvious to the most casual student of musical history, or the least analytical of concert-goers. But who are the parents or god-parents of such curiosities as Sibelius's 4th, 6th and 7th symphonies, *Tapiola* and *The Bard*, the *Sea Drift* and the *Mass of Life* of Delius; or the *Nocturnes* and *Pélleas et Mélisande* of Debussy?

It is possible, however, to be a great individualist without being at the same time a great artist. As Théophile Gautier said of Berlioz: 'I do not know if he was a great genius, but he was certainly a great character.' There are many innovators of powerful personality whom only a very liberal stretch of the imagination can place in the family of genuine artists. But neither Delius nor Sibelius is to be found in this ambiguous company. In each of them the fundamental quality is a rare and exquisite vein of true poetic thought.

I am aware that a dozen shafts of valid criticism can be directed against the work of Delius. At its weakest, it is clumsy and inept to a degree that dismays his warmest admirers, and it is possible that no other composer of like mental attainment has written so badly.

But no charge of technical inefficiency can be leveled against Sibelius, for to no other modern composer has been given a fuller mastery of his craft. From his earliest efforts to his latest all is marked by a scholarly perfection almost unrivaled in the history of music. Whatever this man has put upon paper, be it sublime or trivial, bears the hallmark of supreme technical excellence; and no matter how daring the flight into an unknown region, there is never for one moment the slightest uncertainty of touch or control in that iron hand. In a word, so far as the art of musical composition is concerned, Sibelius is unquestionably one of the greatest masters of all time.

And how much of his work is really the possession of our common knowledge? For certain, a few of the shorter pieces, such as *Finlandia*, *En Saga*, *Valse Triste* and two, perhaps three, of the symphonies. But with the remainder—more than one hundred works—the average amateur is hardly better acquainted than he is with the vast output of Handel and Haydn.

This does not, of course, apply to every country. Recently a plebiscite of popular opinion in the United States disclosed the interesting fact that the most popular composer, living or dead, was not Bach, Mozart, Beethoven or Brahms, but Sibelius.

In the numerous books and articles that I have read on Sibelius the references made to the large amount of music he has written in a lighter vein are of a curious kind. This part of his output is generally spoken of as if it were something to be excused or even hushed up.

I cannot agree. It may be true that Sibelius has written more music of the kind which, for want of a better denominative word, we may call light than any other great composer, Mozart excepted; but there is nothing radically wrong or reprehensible about this.

It is a fact that it is exceedingly difficult to compose good light music, and the study of this branch of his work has suggested to one person at least that Sibelius has done it better than anyone who has yet lived.

Indeed, these lesser compositions of his deserve almost as much critical study as his great symphonies and tone-poems, for apart from the wealth of melody to be found in them they are often gems of poetic fancy as well as technical perfection.

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# BOOKS ABROAD

## The Myth of Eden

ANTHONY EDEN. *By Alan Campbell Johnson. London: Hale. 1938.*

(R. H. S. Crossman in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

MR. EDEN has been fêted in America as the man whom Hitler cursed and Chamberlain dismissed. But I wonder what the Americans really made of this discreet aristocrat, with his delight in Rimbaud and Proust, his closed circle of genteel friends and his high-sounding but singularly vague orations on the sanctity of international law. An English Roosevelt? I hardly think so. Though Americans enjoyed the chance of expressing their hatred of Hitler and contempt for Mr. Chamberlain, they can have found little response in Mr. Eden to their crudely Republican love of freedom. Earl Baldwin's protégé is too self-consciously remote from party politics, too Olympian in his assumption that England never was and never will be a democracy. 'We have not got democratic government today. We never had it, and I venture to suggest to Honorable Members opposite that we shall never have it. What we have done in all the progress of reform and evolution of politics is to broaden the basis of oligarchy.' Spoken in 1928, these words of Eden's breathe a Whig hauteur which make Earl Baldwin by comparison scarcely a gentleman. Their author dislikes appeasement, but the dislike is inspired, not by democratic indignation, but by an old-fashioned diplomat's contempt for botched negotiations and for truckling to gangsters. For the Cranbornes and Edens of this world, Mr. Chamberlain is a vulgar parvenu with no feelings for the Foreign Office tradition and no respect for international etiquette.

Mr. Campbell Johnson's book helps to explain this paradox. It would have been a great deal more useful if it had contained less of Mr. Johnson and more of Mr. Eden. But in spite of this defect, *Anthony Eden* contains many of the relevent facts and some useful quotations, though far too few, from Mr. Eden's speeches. The material is sufficient at least for a discussion of the Myth of Eden.

Anthony Eden became a popular hero when the requirements of Conservative policy seemed to coincide with the practice of Collective Security. Between 1926 and 1934 he was an opponent of the Geneva Protocol, the Optional Clause, and of League action in Manchuria; and as late as 1935 he showed no sort of enthusiasm for the Peace Ballot. He poured scorn on the League when it could have been used for disarmament and revision and the strengthening of German democracy; and was only converted to its use when the Foreign Office needed an instrument for curbing the ambitions of the Nazis. Even then he was a party to the fantastic notion of combining sanctions and conciliation, of building a Stresa Front and defending Ethiopia simultaneously.

THE Myth of Eden won the election of 1935 and survived the Hoare-Laval Pact. But there is nothing to prove that a difference of *principle* existed between him and either Sir Samuel Hoare or Mr. Chamberlain over the Ethiopian and Spanish crises. He agreed with them that Britain must always retain complete freedom with regard to participation in League action against an aggressor and 'refrain from dividing Europe into ideological camps.' Like them, he was concerned not to strengthen the democratic forces in Spain, but 'to maintain law and order' and to isolate the war even when this meant the victory of Fascism. He only resigned when Mr. Chamberlain decided to jettison his Foreign Office

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advisors and experiment with appeasement. Even then, the difference was about means and not about ends.

For this circumstances were largely to blame. Certainly Mr. Eden himself was not an accomplice in the making of the Eden Myth. He conceived of the League Council as a permanent council of Ambassadors; and frankly based his policy upon the *entente cordiale*. Himself a party to the indefinite postponement of oil sanctions, he objected to the manner, not to the matter, of the Hoare-Laval Pact and of the Anglo-Italian understanding. But alas! like Sir Robert Vansittart, he has been rejected by the interests which he served and worshipped by a public which he disdains. And he remains a Conservative not through cowardice or personal loyalties, but because he is passionately convinced that the methods and objectives of pre-War diplomacy are still valid in 1938.

Like the German Junkers, Anthony Eden fears Fascism not because it destroys the labor movement, but because it challenges the traditional authority of the old ruling class and undermines the old diplomatic order. Mr. Chamberlain comes to terms with the dictators because he fears revolution; Eden refuses to except on his own terms, because he has no idea what social revolution means. Exclusively a diplomatist, he has not Mr. Chamberlain's business appreciation of the class war.

That is why Mussolini and Hitler cannot abide him. He is so Olympian in his aloofness from the problems of industrial life that he is quite unmoved by talk of the Communist menace. For him Bolshevik, like Tsarist, Russia is simply a factor in the international game, and Hitler another variant of Wilhelm II. Possibly he may lead the Tory Party back to its traditional diplomacy—ignorance is often in politics a sublime virtue, since it strengthens faith—but, unless he suffers a conversion, he can never inspire a democratic revival either abroad or at home. Not for him even the rôle of Kerensky.

This does not mean that he could not be useful to democracy. A reactionary, whose immediate policy agrees with that of the Left, can always be of service to it, especially when his skill is great and his sincerity unquestioned. Mr. Eden could be a capable Foreign Minister under a great democratic leader. But the Eden Myth, which neglects his real qualities and eulogizes virtues which he never possessed, is a dangerous illusion. Mr. Campbell Johnson's book contains facts which should be pondered by readers of the *News Chronicle* and by all who see the necessity of a National Opposition but are ready to place it under die-hard control.

## Dickens Unfulfilled

Edgar Wallace. *By Margaret Lane. London: Heinemann. 1938.*

(Edward Shanks in *Sunday Times*, London)

How far this is a complete and final account of its subject's life and character is more than the outsider can say. There are passages in it which make me feel that we may hear from some of Wallace's friends that it is not entirely fair to him or to some others. But it is consistent and lifelike. The person here depicted is so human, so understandable in all his phases, even the least attractive of them, that I for one shall need to hear a good deal of argument before I revise my impression that Miss Lane has done her work with admirable impartiality as well as with admirable vividness.

It was a life well worth writing on this scale. Wallace was one of the most extraordinary characters of our time. There was an element of greatness in Wallace, though he shamefully wasted it. He had the quality, possessed also by Dickens, of making very large numbers of readers feel that, in some peculiar way, he belonged to them.

Why did he not repeat the success of Dickens? The superficial resemblances between the two careers are strong—the

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struggling childhood, the immense popularity, the facility in rendering the humors of ordinary life. But there was one immense difference between the two men. Dickens was careful with money from the first, and left a fortune of some £100,000. Wallace was never anything but wildly careless, and when he died, left debts to the tune of £140,000—though, to be sure, his royalties, partly through wise and devoted administration, have made his estate now solvent and decidedly profitable.

There were other differences. Wallace's childhood was considerably harder than that of Dickens, and he himself was considerably less precocious. At an age when Dickens was an established author with a comfortable bank balance and more work in hand than he could do, Wallace was just being discharged as a private from the Medical Staff Corps. It was a long time after that before what he would have called 'real money' began to flow into his pocket.

But it is very much to be doubted whether, even if he had been early established, he would ever have lived a prudent and thrifty life. He was incapable of regulating the expenditure either of cash or of talent. It was his invariable habit to count the profits before he counted the cost. In fact, he never did count the cost until the bills began to come in, by which time he had already optimistically spent the profits. He was in fact, feckless alike in spending and earning. For a long time he sold his books outright, often for sums of less than £100, because money in the hand meant something and the prospect of royalties in the future was meaningless. It was years before he learned that there might be a profitable compromise between the two.

Meanwhile, with every small increase of income he acquired more of those expensive tastes of which it is so hard to get rid. He could write on racing not only readably, but with an air of authority, but he was a reckless and unsuccessful backer of horses, and later a far from successful owner. His house and its furnishings must be precisely what he wanted—even if he had wanted as much, and bought, something quite different a month before. Then when he was handling money in large sums his generosity to those around him was so lavish and indiscriminate that sometimes it seems more like a form of luxury than genuine munificence.

So more and ever more money was needed. Sometimes, before he was established, his income fell so far below his needs that the bailiffs were in the house and his clothes had to be sold. Later the maintenance of the vast stream of expenditure meant a perpetual juggling with finance. It meant also the maintenance of a vast stream of work.

HERE, though Dickens worked hard, too hard for his own good, the comparison which suggests itself is not with him but rather with Dumas. It is doubtful whether even Dumas (who, to be sure, had no dictaphone) ever approached him. Miss Lane writes:—

> His speed of writing—or, rather, of dictation—had increased through long years of practice until even his most intimate friends were baffled by it. Sir Patrick Hastings, spending a week-end at Chalklands, Edgar's country house, had seen him dictate a full-length novel, *The Devil Man*, between Friday night and Monday morning, and had been aghast at Edgar's airy assurance that the feat was nothing extraordinary.

He slept for two days after this, but, even if one adds these days to the time taken in composition, it is still not long for a novel which I remember as highly competent and exciting.

It is quite possible that this method of writing was the one which suited him best. A reviewer in an intellectual journal once accused him of having materially changed the appearance of his chief character two or three times, and added that this was a proof of his having written in too much haste. Not at all, said Wallace, in a bantering but courteous and fundamentally seri-

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ous reply—the trouble was that he had written too slowly, there had been time for him to forget. My memory may deceive me, but I think he went on to apologize for having spent the unforgivable time of a fortnight on this novel.

He was helped in his speed by a capacity to do with a low average number of hours of sleep and to fit in those hours as might be most convenient. Like most men who abuse this capacity, he suffered for it in the end. Miss Lane makes it clear that the real cause of his death was not, as was supposed at the time, pneumonia, but diabetes mellitus. This, she suggests, was induced by his habit of drinking innumerable cups of highly sweetened tea while he was working. But surely this habit was a symptom rather than a cause? It supplied, in unnatural quantities, the food for the unnatural demand he made on his nervous energy.

In the end, I stand by what I said once before: that he was 'our great lost Dickens.' Perhaps he was, regarding him on this plane, lost to us before ever he became a writer of books and plays. Dickens may have been saved to us because the challenge of his childhood was severe but just not too severe, while the challenge of Wallace's childhood implanted in him an excessively strong desire to attain luxury. It may seem over-serious, in discussing Edgar Wallace, to invoke the terms of Professor Toynbee's theory of challenge-and-response. But I do not think that it is. Through the unimaginable millions of words that Wallace wrote lies scattered in infinitesimal particles something comparable to what made Dickens what he was. One might perhaps make the comparison, one between radium in pitchblende and gold in quartz—except that it would be foolish to suggest that Dickens's gold is a less lively metal than Wallace's radium.

Let me end with a humbler metaphor. Wallace may have often spread the butter rather thin, but it is astonishing to think how much butter there was to spread. I will add that I find the life of Wallace as interesting to read as that of Dickens, and that Miss Lane has done her job a good deal better than Forster did his.

[*The American edition of* Edgar Wallace *will be published by Doubleday, Doran.*]

## Political Trials

La Défense accuse: De Babeuf a Dimitrov. *By Marcel Willard. Paris: Édition Sociale Internationale. 1938.*

(Stéfan Priacel in *Regards*, Paris)

MARCEL WILLARD has just written a moving and significant book. It is particularly timely now when the moral standards of the world have reached a new low and the cause of justice, freedom and humanity seem lost. The noble examples upon which it draws and the great lesson that emerges from its pages make it a true manual of civic courage.

The former president of the International Juridical Association, Marcel Willard was able to follow closely most of the great political trials of our time. As Dimitrov's defense counsel at the notorious Leipzig Trial, he had the privilege of listening to the heroic self-defense of the redoubtable old fighter. It was a remarkable experience, and Willard profited by it.

His entire juridical experience showed him, moreover, that it was not an isolated case. From Finland and Italy, Yugoslavia and Poland, Rumania and Brazil, Japan and the Asturias he has collected information about similar political trials; about men and women persecuted, judged and condemned because they wished to defend the real interests of their people against the encroachment of more or less avowed totalitarian dictatorships. In examining their trials, Willard finds innumerable analogies, and common—at times identical—traits. In every case, there are two opposing groups, two clashing philosophies. That in power is always the accuser,

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as represented by the court and by the official prosecutor. He finds, too, that the judges whose professional function should be to apply the law impartially feel it their duty to take a position in favor of the class which they represent. They are at once judges and partisans. Nor do they even try to defend themselves against such a charge. On the contrary, they glory in being the instruments of the existing system. Such is the set-up that the accused must face—which they invariably do with exemplary fortitude and self-abnegation.

Willard also draws moving and touching pictures of the trials of the Germans Albert Kuntz, Rudolf Klaus, Fiete Schulze, Edgar André; and he tells the story of the workers of Wupperthal, of the Bulgarian martyr Lutibrodsky, of the Hungarian revolutionary Rakosi, of Rumania's Anna Pauker, of the Finn Antikaïnen, the Japanese Dimitrov, Itsikawa and of many others whom Romain Rolland called 'true heroes of our time.'

Willard is not content with just the contemporary trials: his book bears the subtitle 'From Babeuf to Dimitrov.' Accordingly in his book there are vivid accounts of the trials of Babeuf, of Blanqui, of Karl Marx in Cologne, and of the English Chartists. He describes, too, the three trials that took place during the time of the Commune, the trial of Guesde in France, that of the Russian Bolsheviks before the Tsarist judges, not to mention those of such great German revolutionaries as Wilhelm Liebknecht, Bebel, Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht; and he ends by painting the heroic figure of André Marty. They constitute the principal landmarks in the history of the labor movement for the last 140 years.

One essential thesis emerges out of this almost encyclopedic study: in a political trial the accused never attempts to defend himself as an individual. Knowing that the prosecution is striving to injure through him the philosophy or the moral system that he represents, he bends all his energies to the defense of that philosophy.

## Man and the State

THE TOTALITARIAN STATE AGAINST MAN. *By Count R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. London: Muller. 1938.*

(J. A. Hobson in the *Manchester Guardian*)

'MAN is a creation of God. The State is a creation of man. Man is an end, not a means. The State is a means, and not an end.' In these words Mr. Wickham Steed expresses the thesis of this book, written to show how the complete or totalitarian man is destroyed by the attempt to create a Bolshevik or a National Socialist State.

Count Kalergi is a defender of liberal capitalism. His account of Sovietism damns it both economically and spiritually. In so far as it shows some economic successes, they are due to an abandonment of Communism. The Fascism of Italy and the Nazism of Germany only survive so far as elements of capitalist control lurk in the totalitarian system and the workers (as he contends) have some control in the corporative State. The author says little about the international situation, regarding it as subordinate to the class conflict in the several nations. Our future depends upon the pacific coöperation of bourgeoisie and proletariat. The latter as a power is identified with the peasantry, which, according to the Count, is 'today the only class which is really democratic without mental reservation.' The Count regards private capitalism as essential to successful production, though he would allow the State to check 'monopoly.' England, Switzerland and the United States he takes as permanently capitalist States with the proper amount of central or corporative control.

The political reasoning of this book is exceedingly interesting. But Count Kalergi does not seem to have made any adequate analysis of the processes by which capitalism keeps the rich rich and the poor poor.

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# OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

A PURITAN IN BABYLON: THE STORY OF CALVIN COOLIDGE. *By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 460 pages. $3.50.*

MR. WHITE has here written the first honest biography of Mr. Coolidge, and at the same time made a considerable contribution to the understanding of the twenties, one of the most delirious and pathetic epochs in the national annals. Obviously he went to enormous pains to ascertain the facts and to dig up the motives behind the persistent legends regarding the late President, and the charitable outlook resulting from his dabbling with the art of fiction plainly helped him in his search for a soul-pattern in his subject. The present volume is as unbiased as a stethoscope, as revealing as an x-ray photograph, and yet filled with the kindliness all knowing men exercise when sitting in judgment upon their fellows.

President Coolidge, Mr. White makes abundantly clear, was a welter of contradictions, like all the children of women. Though abrupt in manner and in correspondence, he displayed extraordinary generosity and sympathy to both the mighty and the lowly, from captains of finance to small town barbers. An uncompromising Republican and master politician, whose major income all his mature life came from the public coffers, his one abiding vanity apparently was his literary style, despite his almost congenital resistance to the reading of imaginative works and the company of writers. Barely a spark of sentiment can be found in his public addresses, but the available evidence concerning his attachment to his wife Grace indicates an enormous capacity for enduring romance. Cautious to the extreme, he nevertheless took chances with his political career when he felt friendship or principle was paramount. Finally, though he was for more than thirty years in the thick of an historic change in the instruments of communal living, he remained all his days ignorant of what went on before his eyes and, perhaps as a consequence, exhibited a revolting moral callousness to the sufferings of the millions economically heavy-laden and spiritually sore beset.

To his last moment among the living, as he made ready to take his final shave at noon on January 5, 1933, he believed that the wealthy, in accordance with God's will, were almost invariably also the wise and the good. The elephantine signs on the wall, in 1926, 1927 and 1928, of the collapse to come, impressed him as no more menacing than passing summer clouds, and the holocaust of 1929 did not shake his basic faith that the good government demanded little more than 'tax reduction, debt reduction, tariff stability and economy,' and that 'common sense is the real solvent for the nation's problems at all times—common sense and hard work.' Naturally, the New Deal, with its 'Socialistic notions' and 'new-fangled things,' made so little sense to him that he decided he had better devote his remaining years to Northampton, Massachusetts, where his old friends, particularly George Dragon the barber, still believed in 'economy.'

Mr. Coolidge's philosophy, naïve to the point of otherworldliness, was not peculiar to him but reflected the philosophy of the 'best minds' of his day—President Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, Bishop William T. Manning, H. L. Mencken, the editors of the New York *Herald Tribune*, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank. Some of them read more books than the late President, but all of them were as lacking as he in worldly understanding and in that ultimate honesty which knows why 'rich men never whistle, poor men always do.' As their mouthpiece and symbol Mr. Coolidge in large measure, no doubt, spoke the national mind of his era, which, perhaps, marked the real end of the frontier spirit that sought to reach Paradise upon a ladder made of savings bank books.

Mr. White's excellent book, in helping to clarify the man Coolidge, also sheds much light upon the now almost mythological time he lived in. It raises at least as many interesting—and in the end, very likely, unanswerable—problems as it solves, but that only offers further proof of its value. It promises to be his most memorable volume.

—CHARLES ANGOFF

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND. *By Harold J. Laski. New York: Viking Press. 1938. 383 pages. $3.50.*

PROFESSOR LASKI'S latest study, of the workings of the British Constitution in the post-War flux of economic and social change

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in Great Britain, is as incisive and challenging as would be expected from his brilliant pen. Here he applies the inferences of his earlier and more general criticisms of parliamentary government to the immediate transformation going on in its present-day applications—and frustrations.

The essence of his argument is that the traditional party system as operative in parliamentary government is inadequate to the degree that its 'function' has changed. Traditionally, it has been called on for 'the settlement of what may be called quantitative differences; now it is called to settle differences that are qualitative in character' as to the basic social and economic cleavages and tensions in the body politic. The absence of any basic cleavages and tensions in the post-War world permitted party tolerance and compromise on which the working of the parliamentary system must rest—as to both rationale and efficacy. The emergence of the Socialist challenge—as symbolized by the Labor Party's Left-wing program—to the distribution of economic and political power within the State has created conditions uncongenial to the smooth functioning of parliamentary government and impels a reappraisal of the operation of its separate elements and the system as a whole.

Professor Laski applies this criticism to the Monarchy, the Houses of Parliament, the Cabinet, the Civil Service and the Courts. As to the first, he indicates how far the King may go in fact in influencing policy within the framework of regal detachment from politics. Professor Laski considers the abdication of Edward VIII 'a precedent the significance of which for the coming years it is impossible to over-estimate,' in eliminating the possibility of exercise of an independent prerogative by the Crown in opposition to an existing Government.

The chapters dealing with the legislative, executive, and administrative branches of the British government are as incisive as they are illuminating. Throughout, his discussion is informed by intimate acquaintance with the operation of these institutions and sharpened by a precise and explicit frame of reference in his appraisals of their working.

Perhaps the chapters most pertinent to our own problems in the present expansion and flux of political institutions are those on the Civil Service and on Parliament and the Courts. In the first, Professor Laski deals with the particular problems of the 'neutrality' in a period of politico-economic change, of a career service drawn predominantly from a single class in the community and of an adequate basis of recruitment from within as well as without the civil service. On both points, he has much to say of significance and value to ourselves, in terms hardly less relevant to this country than to England.

Professor Laski draws a rather close analogy between the actual operation of the British courts and our own Supreme Court in their respective attitudes—and impact—on modern economic and social legislation not in conformity with accepted common law postulates about property and personal rights. His comparisons, as to procedural blockades not less than as to substantive conflicts of interest, make interesting reading here, where we are accustomed to think of 'judicial review' as peculiarly an American practice. Professor Laski believes that Mr. Justice Holmes's admonitions about self-awareness on the part of judges as to their own 'inarticulate major premises' on social and economic issues is no less applicable in England than in this country.

No doubt Professor Laski would disclaim any comparison with Bagehot. But in clarity and charm of style, in insight and analysis, in the sweep of the canvas as well as in the perspectives of its component elements, this volume will rank for our own time as a worthy and an indispensable companion to the brilliant picture of the British Constitution in action three-quarters of a century ago.

—PHILLIPS BRADLEY

THE CHAMBERLAIN TRADITION. *By Sir Charles Petrie, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1938. 360 pages. $2.50.*

THE MAN WHO MADE THE PEACE: NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. *By Stuart Hodgson. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1938. 147 pages. $1.50.*

THESE two books, one written by a Conservative historian and the other by the ex-editor of a Liberal paper, have a thankless task to fulfill. Their object is two-fold: first to show that Neville Chamberlain is a human and kindly man, and secondly, that Munich is morally justified since it assures peace in our time.

In doing this, the authors have been forced into attitudes which belie their professions. The historian Petrie attempts to reconstruct the history of modern England through a case

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study of the Chamberlain family. Laudable as this purpose may be, it is futile in view of what Petrie actually accomplishes. It is not history. It is a labor of friendship which attempts to bolster the Chamberlains up to the stature of the ancient Parliamentary families of England. History is invoked only to provide chit-chat to prove that the Chamberlains, too, have their traditions. The method is not historical, for the family exists *in vacuo*, and yet provides the imperial continuity for two long generations. The validity of the result is nullified by Petrie's tendency to fill the book with subjective and rather crude denunciations of everything he considers 'not cricket.'

By the same token, the editor Hodgson does not live up to the journalistic ideal of acute observation. His book is maudlin beyond words. He defends Munich by contending that the only issue at stake was self-determination for the Sudeten Germans. Like Joseph Kennedy, he believes that dictatorships and democracies can exist side by side, despite the mounting evidence to the contrary. He believes that Germany should and ought to expand. This usual routine is broken only by the startling information that Neville Chamberlain is President of the Midland Salmon and Trout Club and that he likes to sing.

If anything stands in the way of peace in our time, it is the sycophant and irrational attitude displayed in these books. Even in the quotations from Chamberlain's speeches contained in them, evidence may be found that the Chamberlain policy is a militant class policy which aims ultimately at the structure of Fascism in Britain. The authors choose to disregard this reality and lapse into a banal sentiment which has no place in the discussion of modern politics. And like all defenses of Fascism, be it incipient or real, the basis is the false issue of sentimentality, and not reason.

—Francis Williamson

We Saw It Happen. *By Thirteen Correspondents of the New York Times. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1938. 379 pages. $3.00.*

THE life of a newspaper man must be one of the most romantic, difficult and dangerous there are these days. Romantic, because he must be forever in the midst of the biggest events of an unrestful world, without having the heavy responsibility of taking part in them. Difficult and dangerous, because he has his own part to play, and in these days of regimented words it is no easy part.

Add to these characteristics a quick, colorful reporter's style and the perspective of the *New York Times* at its best, and you have a perfect recipe for an exciting book. *We Saw It Happen* is fun to read, and must have been more fun to write. It is a record of exciting achievements by thirteen *New York Times* correspondents, some in the United States, some in Europe, some in Asia, some in the Antarctic regions. For the most part the writers are aware of themselves as mere reporters, and do not go beyond their depth in setting themselves in judgment upon their host countries. Dramatic world events appear as background to a story of adventure. In a few cases, such as that of Ferdinand Kuhn, London correspondent, events seen and reported become the jumping-off ground for a political treatise. That is unfortunate; although Kuhn's thesis on Great Britain's leading motive may have validity, we would much rather see the correspondent in action than hear him hold forth in the abstract upon England's good and bad points. However, perhaps England is just not an exciting country.

It is natural, however, that articulate men with their hands constantly on the pulse of events should have some pointed things to say about the general character of their assignment. Except in the above case, they do this in the course of their tale-telling. Arthur Krock, in particular, is keen-eyed and objective in his appraisal of the dramatic unfolding of the New Deal, bringing to it a newspaper man's sense of reality, with more perspective than is usually credited to mere day-to-day reporters.

The articles by G. E. R. Gedye and Russell Owen are high spots. The first is on the murder- and riot-infested countries of Central Europe, where the reporter rushes from watching Prince Edward and Mrs. Simpson dance the Hungarian *Czardas*, to the scene of the murder of Dollfuss. The second is the story of a reporter's life in the dim, quiet lands of the midnight sun, within a few hundred miles of the North Pole, with Ellsworth and Amundsen. In each of these the correspondent shows a true reporter's sense for the human interest, and drama inherent in the world-shaking events. *We Saw It Happen* is the serious-minded reader's holiday. It's like a good dessert, after the unpleasant meal of international politics.

—Katharine Scherman

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## THE GUIDE POST

*(Continued)*

PROFESSOR Walter Starkie, the author of 'In the Celtic Twilight,' is a well-known author of articles and books; he teaches Spanish and Italian literature at Dublin University and is a Director of the famous Abbey Theatre. Starkie is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and the holder of many other titles. [p. 556]

'ARCTIC DE LUXE' by Peter Freuchen, the six-foot-seven, wooden-legged Arctic adventurer, is no translation, but was written in English by the author himself. This famous Danish explorer believes that the land of the Eskimo will soon become a tourists' paradise. [p. 561] Will Ivar Kreuger go down in history as one of the world's gigantic imposters? His brother's efforts to exonerate him are described in 'The Kreuger Saga.' [p. 563] The question is frequently posed whether there is any opposition in Germany, without the possibility of an adequate answer. In 'The Rising Tide of Treason' we learn something about the various underground groups and their heroic efforts at making themselves heard. [p. 565]

IN OUR 'Persons' this month, we bring a sketch of Sir John Anderson, who only last November was appointed to the Cabinet to take charge of A.R.P. and civilian defense. He wants to provide as rapidly as possible blast and splinter-proof air-raid shelters for at least 20,000,000 of Britain's population of 45,000,000 in factories and homes; but already he is at odds with the Treasury for not supplying him with sufficient funds. Sir John has already threatened to resign unless he has his way. [p. 533] Our second person is Max Ernst, prominent German but anti-Nazi Surrealist [p. 537]; and Enrico di Santa Maria, the man who is paving the way for Italian domination in Tunisia, although he himself denies being a second Henlein. [p. 535]


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